



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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Written for the Golden Gate.

FACIAL ANGLE.

ARE WE THE DESCENDANTS OF THE FINNY TRIBE?

BY JESSE S. HALSTEAD

In consideration of the great physiological and philosophical questions that are based upon a uniformity of primitive type developments, we find many useful lessons may be learned by including in our considerations every class of animals in which the specialization to be considered appears.

1st. That the entire animal kingdom originated from an ancestral egg, though similar in construction differs greatly in appearance.

2d. That every animal in its evolution had to pass through several stages before it could maintain its existence.

Naturalists have approximately come to the conclusion that there are only five form-types of animals. These five sub-kingsdoms must then classify every animal in the animal kingdom. Now if this be true, the only way in which the animals of the different sub-kingsdoms may differ, is in the manner of executing their physiological functions.

At the beginning of the present century, Von Baer, Cuvier, and others, discovered the laws of evolution, from which this article, a condensation of a series of lectures recently delivered by Prof. Rawson Dexter, is founded.

Every animal belonging to the vertebrate sub-kingsdom of animals, agrees with every other animal of the same sub-kingsdom in the following distinct characteristics, that we shall find involved in our considerations on the subject of the facial angle.

In every vertebrate animal there are two factors, the physical and mental. The facial angle is the typical expression or exponent of the relative strength of each.

The brain of the crocodile, the fish or the serpent, is but little more than a prolongation of the canal for the spinal cord, with a disproportionate development of the organ of mastication, thus enabling them to execute the strongest instinct of the lower animals, namely, slay and devour.

The brain of the bird class manifests but a slight superiority over the reptile.

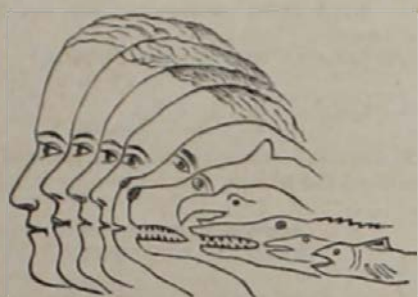
We begin to discover the rudiments of those more noble motives which are so abundantly lavished upon the higher animals, as the dog and horse, of which man is lord over.

The anthropoid or the man-like ape and the monkey, express in a very characteristic manner many of the mental attributes of the lower varieties of the human species. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider the close anatomical relation which exists between the two, and of the enormous developments of the cerebral hemispheres as compared with the lower classes of the same type.

Take man in his crude state, a barbarian or wild beast, and nothing more, using little or none of the brain power, God's great gift to man. Look at the savage who possesses the same ferocious

nature as is found in the beasts of the forest.

Let us then follow on through the different periods of evolution and mark its progress, from a scientific standpoint, laying aside all skepticism and study the following illustration:



The profile of the idiot is the next introduced in the cut. To illustrate the influence upon the size and shape of the cranium or skull that an arrest of brain development has wrought, and which corresponds to the mental manifestations of its subject.

The other three profile views represent the savage, the half-civilized and the cultured race of man. The last is a representation of the highly cultured Caucasian race, and is taken from a pen sketch of the most illustrious statesman that this or any other country ever possessed, that of Daniel Webster.

The relative ascendancy of the two factors, the physical and mental, with their numerous phenomena, is an index to all of the above illustrations.

The cerebral hemispheres or instrument of thought bearing the smallest proportion either to its own concomitant structure or to the rest of the body, lies in the fish, being thirty-one times less than the same ratio in the Caucasian, and conclusively shows the gradual turning from the lowest instinct of the brute to the most complex mental powers of man.

The above thoughts might lead to the question, Why does one man differ from another in looks? which I will try to explain further on.

No two objects are exactly alike, no matter how minute in similarity they may seem. To note the difference is a step toward its explanation.

Ancient philosophers argued that at birth the difference in the animal kingdom took place, due to some supernatural power. There was still a missing link. It was then concluded that in some occultate way mind had an influence over matter; that traits of mind had their outward signs in peculiarities of personal appearance, and when this conclusion was reached there was a foundation for the sciences of physiognomy, metoposcopy and palmistry, which are often spoken of in the Scriptures.

Among the Romans and Greeks physiognomy and palmistry was combined in one science. According to the Roman practice (in a less enlightened way), and one which has been handed down from ancient astrologers, the several parts of the head belong to or are under the domination of a planetary seal, or in other words man's make-up and destiny on earth, is largely due to the planetary system and its changes, as are the seasons of the year, the growth of vegetation and the tide effected by the different planets. And so with everything in the animal kingdom: the more cultivated they become their brain power increases accordingly; and the same with vegetation: the coarsest weed by proper cultivation becomes the most delicate house-plant, or vice versa.

The researches of modern physiognomists and phrenologists have but confirmed all these indications with many more of the same kind, conclusively showing that the astrologers of the middle ages, studied the history of man by the planets and the facial angle predictions as the laws of nature, given them by One who doeth all things well.

"D. V." OUT OF DATE.—There is quite a change, says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, in the religiosity of the people since the time when every man who expressed a determination to do a specified action added reverently, D. V.—Deo volente, or God willing. At the opening of navigation on the Hudson recently, a gentleman telegraphed to a friend in Albany, that he would "be there on Thursday next, D. V." The merchant

did not understand the letters; had never seen them before in such a position, and could make nothing of it. He consulted all his neighbors in vain. At last one of them had a bright thought, and he cried out "I've got it. D. stand for Drew and V. for Vibbard. He means he'll get here on Thursday by the steamer Drew or by the Chauncey Vibbard." The merchant went home ashamed of his dullness.

Written for the Golden Gate.

Manners and Morals.

"The impudence of young men generally reflects the weakness of young women. If they required courtesy, there would be little insolence on the part of the cavaliers."—George William Curtis.

Please do not "tell me the old, old story." It has become tiresome. Ever since—I had almost added, "Adam was a calf," if it is slang—the beginning of history it has been said and written, "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me gave me of the tree and I did eat."

There is no account of any hesitation on Adam's part. It did not seem to require a long reasoning process to convince him that the fruit was good. He simply took it because Eve gave it to him, and when reproached, laid all the blame (credit it should be) on her and her Maker, as his descendants have done ever since.

I should like to learn by what right George William Curtis, or any other man, expects woman to keep herself in the right path and hold man there. Has she nothing to do but pat him into proper shape and position? Wherein is her inferiority and his exceeding strength and wisdom if she can and must do this?

"But we expect a woman to be better than ourselves?" Why? When she inherits mental and physical traits from her mother no oftener than from her father, and he takes little pains to purify himself from unwholesome inclinations? How can he expect her to have a disposition to do better if he has not? And what happiness would it bring her to refine herself, to cultivate her sensibilities, while forced to associate with those who are, and persist in being, inferior in these respects?

That many good women have power to hold men in check all admit, but what will those do who have it not, and why should they be obliged to possess and use it or suffer? Why are not the same opinions held in regard to men? If their nature is like a muddy torrent, which woman must control by icy stones of indifference, and planks of saving grace held by bolts of determination, and when the floods of destruction come, she is responsible for not resisting, not he for advancing, humanity deserves a lower estimate than I have ever put upon it, and the dam had better roll aside that the pond may wash itself clean. "Man has more temptations," do you say? Are you sure of that? If he has, who provides those temptations but himself?

So long as men think and teach their boys, by precept and example, that they need not be as pure in morals and correct in manners as their sisters, and not at all, unless forced to be so by their feminine acquaintances, will scarcely hidden plague spots keep the national veins foul with all manner of uncleanness.

Read Shylock's passionate questions in place of "Christian" and "Jew" saying "man" and "woman," and the suspicion may creep into your consciousness that we are by nature much like yourselves, desiring and deserving more than you have yet given us, and that coveted thing is justice.

You set the police hounds on the scent of "immoral houses," and scatter their inhabitants—where? Is immorality thus neutralized? Whose demand supports those houses, whose injustice makes the money received a necessity, and why do you not start on a crusade against immoral men? It is because you consider temperate immorality necessary in your case; but a different standard is set up for the other half of humanity.

If you wish to improve, look to yourselves, not us, for examples, and thus looking, make that example what it should be. Love truth for the truth's sake. Seek purity because it is your right and duty to be pure, not for the rewarding smile of a woman or a God, though these may follow. In short, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, (which is right feeling and doing) and all these things shall (or may) be added unto you."

Written Especially for the Golden Gate.

Onesimus Toole;

OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

CHAPTER X.—A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

"If on the mystic shores of time
I stand perplexed and sad,
It is not that my heart rebels;
For much I am most glad,
But what I know is very small,
The unknown is so vast.
I only long to reach some port,
And find an anchor cast.
I think, I dream, I sigh, I long;
The answer must come soon.
The Lord of Truth will not deny
His child the asked-for boon.
In deep humility I crave,
And as I beg, I trust [soon]
And hope 'gainst hope that some day
This all impassive dust
Will change to flowers beneath the touch
Of life's mysterious spell;
And I shall know with certainty
God doeth all things well."
—Florence Percival.

Frequently it happens that when something disagreeable seems very near, indeed, close at hand, if persons who are most interested in averting a needless difficulty do but exercise their highest judgment, aided by such intuition as nature may have blessed them with, they can effectually convert the most perplexing annoyance into an occasion of rejoicing.

Some such considerations as these were coursing through Dr. Maxwell's mind the day following the excursion to Northwalk, as about 3 in the afternoon he sat alone in his study, turning over in his thoughts the best method of dealing with Count Katalowynski's impertinent and threatening missive which still lay open on the desk before him. The count was in a blind fury. He refused to reason. Nothing but legal action would satisfy him. He had called twice during the day, and so insulted the doctor, that long suffering man though he was, he was at last aroused to something like impatience.

Xenophon, he said, should never, with his consent, be returned into slavery, let the Count do his worst. Whatever Russian law might sanction, slavery could never be supported by the action of any count in England or America. This the count knew only too well, and consequently based his complaint on a charge of abduction, and went so far as to concoct an elaborate tissue of falsehood, which he had instructed his lawyer, Mr. Wilbur Nayerjust, to lay before the judge with the utmost emphasis.

But where was Xenophon? Count Katalowynski was allowed to search the house from attic to cellar, but no trace of the missing boy could be discovered. "What new devilry is this?" he fumed. "Surely you have imperiled yourself enough already by taking from under my august protection the orphan whom I have sheltered as I would protect my life. I will find Xenophon, though it be over your dead bodies, and if you seek any longer to circumvent the course of equity you will find yourselves between other walls than these. Beware, I say, how you call out the Russian bear, you milk-sop Americans, you conceited English puppies. I will let you see what it is to trifle with the aristocracy of a country which sends its own subjects to Siberian deserts for life for offences which are but trifling compared with yours."

My dear Count, I beseech you, be considerate on your own account. As for me, I am in a land of freedom, where allusions to Siberia can only provoke a smile. But I tell you in this part of the world, Russian serfdom is not tolerated, and your "protection" of Xenophon will soon be called by a very different name. I warn you, if you attempt to recapture your escaped victim, you may regret when it is too late, your rash resolve to play upon your claim to Russian aristocracy while in an American city.

At this the Count became so abusive that Dr. Maxwell summoned the servants to show him out, at which humiliation he became so vituperative that the police would have interfered had not the enraged "nobleman" seen the absurdity of his

bragadocio just in time to hail a cab and drive pale with fury to the Hotel Meurice, where he roundly abused the waiters, entered a complaint against the clerks to the proprietor, and generally made himself odious and ridiculous. But the reader will ask, where was the innocent cause of all this contention all this time? The answer is simplicity itself: he had accompanied his new friends the day before to Northwalk and was at that time reading a book of travels under the trees in Mr. Codrington's park. His situation impressed him strangely; he could not account for much that he was experiencing. Occasionally his thoughts turned regretfully to the old life and the master whom he loved, even though he feared him; but a sweet sense of security and bright anticipation was breaking in upon his long fettered mind as the graceful form of Heloise floated before his dream-like reveries, and beyond her powers of fascination he felt the regal influence of the mighty Azriel who now revealed himself to the wondering child as his constant preceptor.

Zenophon's nature was intensely receptive; his sensitiveness was extreme at every point; all his emotions were intense; he could enjoy and suffer exquisitely; the smallest things often afforded him intense happiness or plunged him in abysses of despair. While under the complete mesmeric control of another, his individual life had been submerged, and often for days and even weeks together, he was scarcely himself for a single hour; but now that this spell was almost broken he would feel as though every living thing about him, flowers as well as birds, leaves as well as animals, were instinct with feeling. A more singular impression can hardly be imagined than the intense realization of omnipresent consciousness which steals over a highly organized nature at a time when the deepest feelings of the inner being are intensely aroused. Physicians may call such a state pathological hypersensitiveness—may no doubt measurably explain it, but even if it be not best adapted to our ordinary life on earth, who shall dare to say that it does not take whoever experiences it in a very real way across the border which separates the seen from the unseen, thereby revealing to the vision of a seer some at least of the actualities of the mystic universe which interpenetrates the physical as soul pervades the body.

Mr. Toole was restless during all that day. An answer to his mother's letter had occupied him all the morning, but after he had posted the long missive he could settle down to nothing. Feeling an insatiable desire to converse with Zenophon he decided on going out to Northwalk to pay a visit to the Codringtons who had most hospitably implored him to consider their house one of his homes. Mr. and Mrs. Codrington were both out when Mr. Toole reached their home at about 4 p. m. The footman who answered the door was very polite but not communicative; he was one of those thoroughbred English servants who know their place and keep it, and would no more have thought of questioning his employer's guests or visitors about their business than he would have attempted flying.

James Freeman had been with the Codringtons nineteen years. His wife, whom he married five years after entering their service, had been a domestic in the household even longer and still retained her place as Mrs. Codrington's ladies' maid. These good people, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, had taken a great liking to Xenophon, whose every want they anticipated; but his singular habit of meditating in the garden in preference to chatting in the house-keeper's room, made them feel somewhat anxious about the boy, who had a far away look in his eyes and seemed embarrassed. Thinking Mr. Toole's society might be of benefit to him, the courteous and deferential footman mentioned the fact of the boy's being in the garden, and proposed sending for him if Mr. Toole would like to see him. Declining all invitation to partake of cake and fruit, which James was instructed to offer to all visitors, he wended his way through the lovely grounds, then in their richest summer glory, and soon came to the little leafy arbor, in which Xenophon presented a picture any artist would have been glad to paint.

Still dressed in his picturesque Greek costume, a little scarlet turban on his ra-

Continued on Sixth Page.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Messages Through Chester Fish.

BY CHESTER FISH.

MARCH 19, 1889.

"I have often been here, but have not been fit to make myself known. I find the condition of things on this side of life and many of your notions of things were correct. There is a life beyond this which is lasting, and a growth which would seem to have no end. It would have been much better for me to have known those things thoroughly before I yielded the life of the form. But I am learning the grand lessons of life, and it is an extensive school which all can learn, but it is better to be versed in the rudimental while here, the many grand truths being revealed unto you all at present, and there is more to follow as time rolls on. Never fear."

P. P. HOLLY.

"My experience in the spiritual has been more than I anticipated; that you know was a great deal, for you know I had so much. You will know I expected a great deal on the other side of life. We together learned the great truths that underlie the philosophy of spirit return, and the noblest, grandest conclusion that we arrived at in our investigation above all here, I can say the half has not been told."

"I told you if I should pass over before you I would come and make myself known. I have come back many times, but we often are engaged in some other pet theory of the universe, and can not always spare the time to meet your circles, only as we do so in the regular routine of duty. We go with the rapidity of thought to all parts of your planet and many others, and travel millions of miles as you understand it."

"How vast is creation, and how grand it all seems when viewed by the consideration of the past condition, but how puny is man when the comprehension of divine things racks his mind. Patience and time, the greatest tests of truth, will work wonders for us all. You will see more than you have done in the past."

Your friend,
JOHN THOMAS.

Remarks:—John Thomas was formerly a Methodist exhorter. He went to Rochester in Fall of '54, attended sittings with the Fox girls; got the spiritual light, and returned to Burlington, Vt., and there the writer was made acquainted with the facts of Spiritualism by attending with him a circle of Mrs. Martha Nichols. We mutually promised each other that the first who passed over would return to the other, as Bro. Thomas says in his message.

"It is with great pleasure that I realize that life is a great continued chain of events which can never end, though many changes beset us all along the pathway of existence. There is a thread of vital life extending through all, that like the ring, has no end. It is good and noble to know that the infant whose tiny form the fond mother has so often seen consigned to the cold ground 'mid agonizing tears of sorrow will meet and greet her once more in the land of pure delight. All must know of attractions to friends. All have their attractions, however, low down in the scale of development. All have their favorite friends for whom they would suffer untold torture rather than know that they were cast out by annihilation. Therefore we say it is good for all to know that there is no such thing as death, only change, which is in accordance with the great inexhaustible laws of nature, and can never work anything but good when properly understood."

"It is a source of unbounded satisfaction to us to see the constantly increasing interest manifested in learning of the great truths of spirit return. The work goes bravely on. The words of communicating are constantly being improved, and new phases are all along being brought out, which will improve as time and experience require. We all rejoice that the world, our native place, is gradually being improved by its intercourse with the vast multitude that have passed on to higher conditions."

"It is pleasant to be here and to be the means of imparting instruction to you who appreciate so much the efforts of the spirit world to make themselves known unto you. Go on in your investigations, one and all, there is a glorious light for you ahead in the future, which will reward you well for all trouble you have taken in the past to investigate and to examine into the important subject, for the world to well understand what is the future destiny of our loved ones when they can no longer stay here on the earth."

"Thankful for this opportunity, I with pleasure sign myself as ever your friend,
MARY L. JEWETT."

Remarks:—Mrs. Jewett was a graduate in 1862, from the Female Medical College of Boston. She was a superior medium for clairvoyant sight and clairaudient hearing, and besides being a physician of superior gifts, and a remarkable medium for tests of spirit power, she was benevolent and kind in her intercourse with the world; she was the wife of Solomon W. Jewett, Esq., the cosmopolitan healer formerly of Vermont.

"Yes, I am here, and glad to say to you that my experiences in the great change that awaits all, has convinced me that there is a mighty truth in the principles which you so strenuously adhered to, and I so tenaciously opposed while here

on the earth. Time and experience will help very much to unfold the understanding."

"I am happy to say that all who pass through the shadow of death emerge into the light of eternal existence—realize then that life is a never-ending school where we can go from one degree to another, and never cease to learn the grand lessons of life, which is joy to know after passing through the rough, anxious scenes of an earthly existence."

"I feel myself as real as ever, and the memories of the long ago which were pleasant to me are as vivid and real as ever, though I have outgrown many of my prejudices and am happy to be with you and to assist with all my power to make your remaining days pleasant and contented."

Your sister,

CLEMMA A. BIRD.

Remarks:—Mrs. Bird was, as she says, a strong opposer of our glorious truth, but has learned in only about five years, since her departure at Mantorville, Minnesota, to esteem and rejoice in the welcome Savior.

"There is a joy unspeakable in friends meeting friends, more particularly after the so-called death which to many seems to end all. Will see you again."

J. HOWDEN.

John Howden was on old and valuable neighbor of long ago.

VINELAND, N. J., April 20, 1889.

Women's Ways.

Mrs. James G. Blaine has recently sold two of her Washington lots for \$50,000.

There are 6,000 girls preparing to enter the New York Normal College, and only 800 can be admitted.

A ton of rope made from the hair of devout women of Japan has been used in building a \$3,000,000 temple to Buddha at Kioto.

Mrs. Harriet Hosmer, at a reception given her by the Chicago Woman's club, wore five medals, four of gold and one of silver, which had been awarded her in Italy.

The temperance women of London have succeeded in getting police matrons appointed for all the stations in that great city. The city is to pay their salaries.

Chicago has a home for self-supporting women where board is to be had for \$2.25 a week. It is for the accommodation of women who earn \$5 a week and less.

Mrs. Evelyn O. Tome has been elected president of the Tome seminary for girls at Port Deposit, Md., recently founded by a gift of \$1,000,000 from Jacob Tome.

A number of Detroit ladies have organized a society for the cultivation of the art of conversation. They very properly regard the attainment as one of the highest, and as much to be sought after as piano playing or painting.

The death of Lady Arnold, wife of the author of "The Light of Asia," is deeply regretted in England, where she was widely known. She was the daughter of the Rev. William Henry Channing, and the granddaughter of William Ellery Channing, the great Boston Unitarian divine. Lady Arnold was born in England.

It is no comfort to be told we are free to follow the advice of others.

Hope awakens courage. Despondency is the last of all evils.

To-morrow is the day on which idle men work, and fools reform.

The less we know what is in store for us, the more contented we will be.

To be popular a person must possess the talent of disguising his character.

A dwarf sees farther than a giant when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on.

There is nothing that strengthens a man's honesty so much as to trust him; suspect him and you weaken his faith in himself and everybody else.

To express an opinion because some one else had previously expressed it, is like thanking a man for the privilege of earning a living for him.

Unless we can cast off the prejudices of the man and become as children, docile and unperverted, we need never hope to enter the temple of philosophy.

In a world in which we are environed by dangers and mischances, every form of perseverance is honorable, because it is either directly or indirectly helpful.—[Wm. A. Eddy.]

The reason some people are afraid that others will make bad use of their liberty is because they want to monopolize their own, and enjoy besides all they can deprive others of.

The progress from deepest ignorance to highest enlightenment is a progress from entire unconsciousness of law to the conviction that law is universal and inevitable.—[Herbert Spencer.]

The true vision of Heaven is a vision of enlarged, progressing, conquering humanity—humanity gaining in power and exulting in the exercise of it. The conditions on which it will be made real are that the individual shall become all he can himself, and be all he can himself.—[O. B. Frothingham.]

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Blair Educational Bill.

BY A. M. WHITWELL.

The Blair educational amendment, in its incongruous form and diversity of expression, is before Congress for consideration. The Bill is paradoxical in the extreme, abounding in erroneous allegations, for the obvious purpose of disabusing the public mind of all doubts concerning its true import; but notwithstanding this precaution, its ambiguous signification is conclusive of its deep design. This educational measure, studied in abstract form, is found invested with a destroying element, which for half a century has been seeking a favorable opportunity to manifest itself, seizing this educational amendment as an indirect agent to strike through the public schools, a telling blow at the religious rights and liberties of the people as the most efficient method of procedure.

This disguised amendment holds within its secret convolutions a prejudicial purpose inimical to our Republican government, and is a subject of grave consideration and profound thought for all whose love for our cherished and hallowed institutions should supersede all other obligations; and we should ever be on the alert to apprehend danger from whatever source it emanates, which the sophistry of the age makes imperative.

Therefore, it particularly appeals to educators and teachers connected with Protestant educational organizations, to inform themselves upon these vital questions, these Protestant bodies wielding great influence, being efficient and strong factors in swaying public opinion, in recognition or denunciation concerning all matters either secular or religious, and should be very clearly comprehended by those who have the power of exercising the prerogative of creating or destroying vital issue. The underlying motive in this amendment is to obviate and annul the original amendment to the Constitution by introducing in the public schools the inculcation of the religious principles of Christian religion, which are derogatory in the extreme, conflicting with the constitutional amendments which read:

"Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion and the free exercise thereof." The first sentence of Section II, in the Blair Amendment reads:

"Each State in the Union shall establish and maintain a system of free public schools adequate for the education of all the children living therein, between the ages of six and sixteen inclusive, in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality, and in the principles of Christian religion."

The question arises, what constitutes the principles of Christian religion? The Protestants are divided in their opinions concerning particular tenets, each sect not fully agreeing with the established dogmas of the so-called true church, disputing or ignoring technical points which the other holds as of vital importance, and the fundamental principle underlying the true church of Christ. The Romish Church, claiming priority and supremacy, which we cannot dispute, stigmatizing the Protestant branch as an unhealthy excrescence upon the religious body, and is not recognized as the true church. Who is to decide this question? Each organization is entitled to a hearing, Protestant and Catholic being conceded Christians, and promulgating religious principles.

There is approaching a crisis in the history of this nation, which has been slowly and secretly perfecting its methods of procedure, now showing itself boldly in this Blair Amendment, trying to engraft upon the Constitution this illegal and illegitimate amendment, to dethrone and strangle by every debasing measure, the religious rights and freedom of the people of this country, which is the crowning glory of our Republican form of government, and the leading nation of the Nineteenth Century!

This Bill is a subterfuge to unite in debasing religious bondage, Church and State, which our forefathers with their intuition, saw and knew would be detrimental to the progressive spirit of the young republic, which has quenched darkness, and destroyed the most powerful empire of the world, whose histories are written in blood, rapine, and enslavement of body and soul by this debasing union of Church and State, striking with the poinard of destruction concealed within this amendment to the public school system, the most vulnerable point in the whole network of republican correlation, the strong bulwark of our national independence; as Col. Ingersoll pertinently remarked in one of his speeches, "Every school-house is a fort upon which depends the perpetuation of America's future religious and political liberty."

America, with noble generosity has opened her willing arms and sympathizing heart to the oppressed of every nation of the known world who are seeking liberty in its most alluring form; having given them protection, they now turn like the viper to sting the bosom which warned and sheltered them in their ignorance and poverty, granting them all the privileges which the native American enjoys in the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness.

Shades of our self-sacrificing forefathers, assist us, and from your supernal heights in majesty and eternal wisdom, imbue America's sons with undying, courageous zeal, patriotic love and unswerving alle-

giance, for the sacred instrument which gave to thy children religious rights and liberty to worship at those shrines which the conscience approves, with no one to molest or make afraid.

Blemish not its pristine purity with this foul blot of amendment, but clad in its shining armor of equality and justice to all, let it remain a glorious record for all humanity to bless and revere, perfect and ennobling; a Constitution of human rights, formed by mortal hands, written in letters of eternal truth, the pen dipped in the unfading colors of heaven-born inspiration.

OAKLAND, May 7, 1889.

Send for It, and do Good With It.

I have copies of one of my best lectures printed in pamphlet. One delivered on the sudden death by apoplexy of a young lady who was not a Christian, but universally beloved by all who knew her, and an orphan. The description of her spirit rising from her body as I sat beside it, its meeting with her father, mother, and sister, instead of the orthodox devil, and the Christian doctrine applied to her case, make this a most interesting brochure to hand to honest church members.

The editor who published it for me said it was the best lecture he had in the office, and he had published hundreds.

I will send by mail single copies on receipt of 10 cents, or 3 for 25 cents; 12 for \$1. Even these mites will help me and the cause.

Address me at Cobden, Illinois.

WARREN CHASE.

CORDEN, May 13, 1889.

If the naked are clothed, men must clothe them; if the hungry are fed, men must feed them.—[Col. Ingersoll.]

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

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The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortego Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

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The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

Written for the Golden Gate by spirit Georgie, a messenger of the Sun Angels' Order of Light, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe of the Order of Light.

Dear ones in earth land, Georgie comes as a messenger of peace to each and every one. This is a time of gladness in your land. Nature is waking from her wintry sleep. Earth is putting on again her robes of beauty. The sunlight cheers the heart, while from the throats of nature's warblers is poured forth the anthems of praise. Man can only imitate.

Nature praises the Overruling Power. From its glad heart rises songs of rejoicing expressed in unfoldment and growth.

Then turning from this to the lives of mankind, if we seek the same joyful expressions of gladness, how often do we see and hear the sad sigh, weary thought and look of pain, almost anguish, that passes o'er the face.

And man should be the embodiment of a higher, holier and happier life. This is his rightful inheritance. No religion, no faith has the God given right to dash the cup of true happiness from the lips of even the lowest child of the Infinite.

As angels look back o'er the history of the age, and see the sorrow and trial, suffering and unrest caused by the belief in a Supreme Being, they search the realms of light for an antidote to all this. And thus have they been the power which has given in all ages thought infidel to religious superstition, waiting the time when they might unbar the gates of death, and show that the life beyond was indeed real, that the earth had given birth to the mythical, the would-be Divine, but the land of spirits is the real, the true.

Humanity needs no priest-given passport to enter a land where happiness reigns.

We would, if it were possible, destroy the mythical, the unreal, to give to oblivion that which creates a fear of death and dread to enter the life beyond. We would see each and every member of the Order of Light living in quiet, peace and happiness, assured of the angels' blessing, assured of happiness untold, not alone here and now, but in the life to come.

Dear ones, to live as the All Wise means His children to live, will insure happiness here and hereafter.

We see the reaching into the unknown that you may know, and this is well; but we see also the great yearning for that which is yet to come, and this brings undue longing for that which is beyond to the exclusion of happiness in the present.

This should not be so. Saidie and the wise ones would unite the two worlds in a bond of sympathy and union of purpose, and also we would see these we love happy in the present.

Dear ones, you are each where circumstance has placed you, and Saidie bade Georgie to say to one and all, "Strive to make the most of this present life. Make, each one, your conditions as bright and happy as possible." The wise ones know your struggles, know your trials, but they look o'er the broad earth they have watched for ages, and they say, surely these we love, who are now dwelling in the valleys, are entitled to enjoy the sunlight, the blooms, songs of birds and rippling streams. All these are God's free bounty given to each one.

Why should He demand of them as an interest for the gift of life this sorrow, this unrest? The voice of defile love says to each and every one, "Go forth into the sunlight, where flowers bloom and every living thing rejoices, and breathe in the happiness bequeathed by the heart of love, and dwell in peace while you dwell in the mortal."

True, adverse influences cause unrest and sorrow, but these are not your inheritance. They are but the needs of time, and shall pass away. Allow them not room in the garden of your hearts.

Love rules the worlds. Fear is the offspring of error. Let love and peace be the mainspring of life, and fearlessly walk the ways of life, leaving to error and superstition its own tide of unrest and sorrow.

Well Saidie knows her own must feel these waves of unrest, but she would have each one know that their feet are upon the rock of eternal truth, and see their hearts and lives made bright and happy thereby.

This is the burthen of the message she bade Georgie give you. With waking nature sing your songs of happiness. Go forth conquering lesser good, becoming master over matter. Make your homeward journeys short by gaining knowledge, by means of which you may be able to scale the highest heights, whose glory-crowned summits have long beckoned you on and on. Know that each soul makes its own demands, and will not rest content even in celestial lands, if ought be lacking even there.

Georgie comes to many with messages of love, and her own heart is more happy as she sees those to whom she comes lift up happy faces and joyful hearts. We know much comes into every-day life to bring sadness, but the heart may rest upon the truth, and we will prove ourselves always to each one, friends to be trusted in each and every emergency. Saidie lays many needs before the councils, and ways are discussed by wise ones. You who trust Wisdom Guides shall not fail, shall not be left to doubt and fear. The Abiding Rock shall never fail you. May the sunlight of peace reach each soul, and angels be greeted with smiles of happiness not founded upon faith or mythical lore,

but upon knowledge and eternal truth. Accept these words, each and every one, with the love of

MESSANGER GEORGIE.
J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.
OSWEGO, N. Y., May 5, 1889.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

QUESTION.—Mrs. Harris, if there is no forgiveness of sin, then what hope is there for one, who, looking back, sees a wasted life, or, perhaps, is haunted by some dreadful deed? This is my case; a deed so dark that its shadow is over me like a cloud to deaden all joy, until it seems as though my only escape from this agony is suicide. Life without the hope of forgiveness seems unbearable.

ANSWER.—If you mean by forgiveness of sin that some power superior to yourself is to forgive you, and at the same time do away with the effects of your wrong acts, I surely see no such conditions for you, or for any other person who has violated the law of right. But if you mean that not to be forgiven dooms you to eternal woe, then you surely don't understand the law of Karma a right, which is expiation, not eternal damnation.

But first, my friend, do you wish to be forgiven, realizing the full measure of the wrong you have done, because it is a wrong, or because you dread the consequences to yourself in the future?

If you have come to the full sense of the sin, then already you are beginning to lift the weight of Karma. So long as your only thought is to escape the consequences of your sin, your selfishness will increase the load. Much that passes for repentance is of this nature.

Know this as the law, that which we sow we shall surely reap to the uttermost, either in this life or in some future life. But if in the past we have sown sorrow, we may at once begin to work for better conditions, both here and hereafter.

Are you willing to do all in your power to right the wrong you have done, regardless of your own comfort and selfish interest? If so, then you are even in this life beginning to work out your Karma. But if you suppose for one moment that suicide will end all for you, I fear you would find too late your mistake. You can destroy your body, but not your life, for life is indestructible. Beside, then, you would add cowardice to your past acts.

Some one has said, "Cowards die many times, the brave but once."

To be forgiven the consequences of a sin would in no sense overcome the tendency to sin. No real growth could be promoted by changing the relation between cause and effect. If we wish to make immortal these human souls we must interlink them with the Divine soul. This we may not hope to do unless we come into the consciousness of our higher selves, even through suffering.

The question is, Am I willing to bear bravely the inexorable Karma that I have made for myself, and at the same time do the very best I can to overcome the tendencies which have wrought this for me?

Now I don't mean that we must sit down in the midst of woes and say, This is dreadful to endure, but it is the work of Providence, and we must submit. Not at all; people talk this way about sickness, and at the same time commit the inconsistency of taking medicine to thwart the very purpose of Providence. My idea is simply that cause and effect is the working of a law we cannot by any means set aside, but we have it in our power to bring into action a new cause, another energy, that will present to us other conditions. My friend, Karma offers to us far more than forgiveness could, even were it possible.

One thing I am impelled to say. Are you not in an abnormal state of mind? One of the best women I ever knew took the notion that she had committed the "unpardonable sin," and consequently made herself and every one around her wretched.

But if you are really the man you declare, with all the blackness on your human nature you seem to feel, then know Karma does show you the way out, not by trying to evade it, but by meeting it like a man, a Hindoo saying, "Never be afraid, never be sorry, never regret, and cut all doubt with the sword of knowledge." First to fear a thing is to give the thing we fear power over us; to be sorry, is an emotion which we may indulge in the place of action. We cannot recall one single moment or act of the past; better by far cease useless regret and make the present (which is all we ever have), pregnant with good in thought, word and deed. Only as we do this will we become conscious, working factors in overcoming evil. The suicide, who, by his own deliberate act, withdraws from the very plane where he has it in his power to make restitution, dooms himself to ages of spiritual darkness, if not of actual suffering; again, suicide without deliberation, even in an insane moment, could not come to one unless he had voluntarily made the conditions for the act. Sometimes, by dwelling on the subject, or perhaps by abuse of himself until his power of resistance is broken down, and he becomes a tool in working out some evil purpose, we should not even in thought, much less in spoken words, set up vibrations which will work out evil for us.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S. BERKELEY, CAL.

"All sin has an awful power of perpetuating and increasing itself."

Indecent Reformers.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We have a class of reformers, if we may call them such, who may have good intentions and mean well enough, but who do more harm than good.

I was present a few days ago when a lady friend sought the advice of one of these teachers of the way of life. Among other things, she said, "I see you are not living in harmony with your husband, and I would advise you to get away from him as soon as you conveniently can. In fact, you have no need of a husband at all, and you will find you have much more freedom when you let this man go. He stands in the way of your advancement. You need travel, and want change; change of climate; in fact, change in all your relations of life. You might become a great speaker or good teacher of the higher methods of life; but being as you are, subject to the will and wishes of this man, you can not progress."

Now this kind of advice may have been good in this particular case, but I think not, for I believe the woman in question would never arrive at a point of any great distinction, let her take what course she will, for she is uneducated, and has passed her meridian of life, and is already on the down grade; besides, she has other disqualifications that would bar the door to any great distinction in the world, and why this medium or teacher should throw out such advice, unless it be to make mischief, I do not know. I have observed that some of our platform test mediums are frequently pointing out persons in the audience who are bound to become shining lights in the world if they only will. It is hard to tell how much mischief is frequently done in this direction.

Would it not be better for most people to keep right along in the good old way, and do their duty day by day, and improve upon what they have been, than to try to take upon themselves some new phase of life that if carried out might leave them in worse condition than they were in in the beginning? C. A. REED.
PORTLAND, OR., May 7, 1889.

The beauties of an established religion are illustrated in the following clipping from the New York Independent:

A catechism, prepared by the Rev. F. A. Gace, Anglican vicar of Great Barling, England, and widely circulated, contains the following:

"In what light ought we to consider dissenters? As heretics.

"Is their worship a laudable service? No; their worship is idolatrous.

"Is dissent a great sin? Yes; it is in direct opposition to our duty to God.

"Why have not dissenters been excommunicated? Because the law of the land does not allow the wholesome law of the church to be acted on.

"Is it wicked to enter a meeting house? Most assuredly."

He will do great things who can avert his words and thoughts from immediate evils.—Lavater's Aphorisms.

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SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1889.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Many a noble soul finds expression through an unattractive body, just as the sweetest kernels are often encased in rough exteriors. It is the gentle expression, the kind and loving thought, the sympathetic heart, that indicate the noble spirit—the true man or woman. It is impossible for a noble nature to be unkind. Truly, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"The sword of the spirit!" How few understand the meaning of the phrase; certainly none who have never felt its mighty power. Words, as the garments of thought, may be expressive in an intellectual sense, as appealing to the intellect; but it is only when charged with spirit power that they strike home to the hearts and consciences of men. To make this power effective, the writer or speaker must feel its animating and beautiful chemistry, its electric thrill and glow, surging through his own being like a mighty tidal wave of divine strength and power. Then the words he utters are made "the sword of the spirit," to overcome all opposition, and pierce their way to the quick of the understanding—to the living soul. Armed with this formidable power one man becomes a host in the battles of life.

Come with me, ye sons of wealth and daughters of fashion—ye who live in the complacent belief that you are doing your duty to yourself and to your fellow beings—let us walk forth together through the by-ways of this great city. O, the shame of bartered womanhood, the agony of dissipated and degraded manhood! O, the nights of revelry and debauch, the deeds of crime, the homes of wretchedness and woe! Behold the fiery torrents of ruin and death flowing unceasingly from over three thousand fountains of hell! See ye the army of young men, the vast multitudes of "foolish virgins," building for dishonor, for disease, for the grave! What can you do to prevent—to save? Ask your own conscience, What are you doing? Place your firm, young feet upon the eternal rock of truth, and by example, by precept, by all the energy of your being live and labor for the All-Good.

When one's own spiritual nature becomes sufficiently unfolded to enable one to discern the "things of the spirit," he then has no further use for those manifestations of spirit power that appeal only to the physical senses. There are thousands of Spiritualists, who believe in all the physical phenomena known as spiritual manifestations, and yet who are never seen in seances for such manifestations. Why is it? Simply because they have outgrown the conditions making such manifestations necessary for their communion with their spirit friends. They have learned the way of communing in spirit on the higher plane of their natures; in other words, they have learned to meet their spirit friends on their own grounds and in their own elements. While physical phenomena is necessary to arrest the attention of the skeptic, it should be regarded but as the primary school of Spiritualism, from which the truly progressive soul will naturally seek to graduate as soon as possible.

"One world at a time," is a wise enough maxim, in a general sense, at the same time it is by no means unwise to so make use of the "one world" as to best fit one for the next, or other world. The first point to be settled is that involved in the main question, Is there any other world, or any future state of existence? All Spiritualists claim to have settled the question, and all Christians think they have—the first by actual knowledge, and the latter by faith. Then, knowing that this life, at best, is of but short duration, and that in the nature of things it must be simply preparatory for one of vastly longer duration, is it not evident that the highest and best use of this world is to prepare one for the more enduring realities of the life to come? Can any sensible mind arrive at any other conclusion? Why then, in our declining years, should we cling so tenaciously to the things of earth, not one of which can we take with us into the Beyond?

How easy it is to be obliging and civil, and gentle—to speak pleasantly, and considerately of the presence and opinions of others—in short to be a lady or a gentleman, in all the walks of life. Human nature, undisciplined of the spirit, is not far removed from the beast. Its tastes, appetites and habits are all of the animal, and full of the suggestiveness of the flesh. It is only through the domination of the spiritual nature of man that he rises in the scale of being above his brother animals. And the first step to a better order of life lies in the direction of those little amenities that make one thoughtful of the feelings and happiness of others.

Is ours the highest and best form of government possible for man? Most of us seem to think so about once a year—on the Fourth of July; but a fair consideration of the iniquities and wrongs practiced under our laws, or against their enforcement, would hardly warrant any such conclusion. A government that permits the existence of great trusts to speculate on the staples of life, or that sanctions the traffic in, and use of death-dealing stimulants, cannot be other than a standing iniquity. In fact, our system of competitive industry, in which the weakest are forced to steal or starve, when once they are driven from the field, is anything but to the advantage of the multitude. A condition of society, abounding in prisons, poor-houses and insane asylums, cannot surely be a wise or healthful state of affairs. It is only by enlightened co-operation that society can find rest from the turmoil, agitation and wrong now everywhere apparent.

"REACHING THE MASSES."

Spurgeon may be said to have led in the efforts now being made to meet the masses, and that he has been successful in a large degree all know. Moody and Sankey have done even a better work, their efforts being exerted all over the land in both worlds.

After these comes the ubiquitous Salvation Army, that with methods however questionable, reaches down into the lowest slums and dregs of human depravity, bringing up many a pearl, long defiled by the accumulated debris of the wages of sin. Though almost unanimously denounced by the churches, the spirit that inspires them is also influencing others, who, however, would probably not admit the source from which it comes.

In our own country we have in the past summer noticed the announcement of open-air air Sunday schools and preaching in different parts of the State. More notable examples, perhaps, were found in England, when the Bishop of Liverpool took to preaching in the open air at the great shipbuilding yards at the noon intermission, and among fourteen thousand carsters, with their wives and children, and to the men of the great goods' stations, oftentimes from two thousand to three thousand in one assembly.

An association exists in London, now several years old, organized to place texts of Scripture in the street cars and omnibuses. The street car routes alone number more than four hundred, and it was estimated that the passenger traffic, which is steadily increasing, is seventy-five millions annually. Texts were placed in nearly a hundred cars, at a cost of two dollars and a half each for a year, and some good results are claimed, and thus it must be.

The churches, from their present mode of costly construction, are necessarily for the few, and strange to say, for those who least need their benefits.

It may be true that their restraining influence radiates far outside their walls, but still does not reach the masses who are attracted by those who, on their own ground, come to meet them half way; thus undeniably proving their unselfish interest in a class who judge one's professions by one's practices, more strictly than is the wont of those above them, who pay greater regard to appearances than to actualities.

"How to meet the masses," is a problem of growing interest to those who recognize the spiritual rights and needs of all the human race, and the time is coming when those needs will be supplied from abundant sources now not fully understood, hence not generally appreciated.

HIGH LICENSE.

Oklahoma is settled, or rather, populated, at last. That vast throng for weeks hovering on its borders is now distracted over the question of whisky and license—the first public measure that has exercised the public mind and tested the quality of its character.

The latest news from that quarter was to the effect that high license would probably carry the day. So, it would seem, the ruling of Secretary Windom is to be disregarded. This official decision that no revenue license can be granted for the retailing of liquor in Oklahoma.

This decision rests upon the fact that liquor can not get into the territory without passing over Indian Territory, which is illegal.

The license to sell liquor in Oklahoma would therefore be nothing less than permission to sell a contraband article. Now it remains to be seen whether this excellent ruling is to be disregarded, and the peace and order of the newly occupied country to be imperiled in the beginning.

The first order of the Mayor was to the gamblers to leave Oklahoma within so many hours. But if the selling of whisky is licensed, something more than an "order" will be required to keep them out of the city.

—In the preamble of our Summerland resolutions, we wrote, "for the better presentation of our phenomenal facts," etc., and lo, it appeared in print, "for the better preservation of our phenomenal facts," etc. Suffering sinners!

W. J. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday last, May 19th, W. J. Colville lectured in Metropolitan Temple during the morning service to a large and deeply interested audience, on "The Life and Labors of Count Tolstoi."

The discourse was a very wholesome and practical one, dealing as it did with the living issues of the day, and advocating a return from sentimentalism to practical religion. Tolstoi's particular efforts were in the direction of taking the teachings attributed to Jesus entirely out of their eastern setting, and applying them to the vital necessities of the present hour.

Criticism, such as that offered by Gerald Massey, may do much to imperil the orthodox Christian superstition. It may even rob many minds of certainty with regard to the historic Jesus ever having lived the life attributed to him by the evangelists. But it is becoming every day more evident that all truth which vitally concerns human welfare is utterly remote from the arena of historical controversy.

The good Russian nobleman whose works are destined to agitate thought and action for good, in all parts of the civilized world, endeavors to try Christianity as an experiment, and by Christianity he does not mean any system of dogma or belief, but the simple ethical precept of the Sermon on the Mount.

In "What to Do," he relates how he discovered that mere alms-giving could do nothing to radically relieve society of the terrible incubus now resting upon it. And in "My Religion," he points out how the Sermon on the Mount, taken literally, sentence by sentence, and lived up to, would peacefully and effectually reform all existing abuses.

Passing from religious nihilism to what he calls simple Christianity, this great man discovers a practical guide to action in the New Testament completely ignored by the church as well as by the world as a basis for conduct.

There is, of course, room for criticism when Tolstoi's phraseology is under consideration, but the basic principle ought to be self-evident.

If liberal minded persons of all shades of opinion would but unite in hearty co-operation to do something practical for the amelioration of human necessity, bickerings would soon end, and the question of organization would settle itself. As it is, the drawback is found in the undue exaltation of special issues by particular parties, while all these varied questions hinge around a grand central idea.

The only Spiritualism really worth having is practical spirituality applied and manifested in the furtherance of every great reform. At the same time there are distinctly two sides to the reformatory question. Some workers begin with externals, and endeavor to reveal the soul by removing physical barriers. Others begin with the spirit, and let outward improvements to follow in natural order upon elevated mentality and purified desire.

Both methods are beneficial, but the latter is the better of the two, and to the energies of all metaphysicians should be especially turned, and such should ever co-operate with, instead of antagonizing others who are working toward the same result, though in other ways.

The music was excellent. Lovely flowers adorned the platform, and though the earthquake weather was intensely hot outside, the spacious Temple was delightfully cool and refreshing. No more delightful atmosphere can be found in any building in the city on a summer morning.

In the afternoon W. J. Colville addressed a large audience in Oakland Synagogue, delivering the second lecture in the present series on "The Bible in the Light of To-day," and in the evening a full attendance listened to an excellent lecture on "The Coming Creed of the World," in College Hall, 106 McAllister street, where W. J. Colville is still holding very interesting class meetings on Tuesday and Friday at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

On Sunday next, May 26th, W. J. Colville will lecture as follows: Metropolitan Temple, 1045 A. M., subject, "What to Do; or Tolstoi's Religious Principles Applied to Practical Society Issues."

Oakland Synagogue, 3 P. M., third lecture on "The Bible in the Light of To-day," incorporating answers to written questions from the audience.

College Hall, 106 McAllister street, 7:45 P. M., "Spiritual Science in Relation to the Insane."

N. B. By particular request, the recent disclosures in Chicago relative to the mismanagement of the insane, will be used as a text to illustrate the new and better way in contrast to the errors which still prevail under cover of inefficient knowledge of the law of health and harmony.

At all the Sunday meetings the admission is free. Expenses are met by voluntary contributions.

W. J. Colville will end his present engagement in San Francisco June 2d. He is engaged for a few lectures at the Camp Meeting, and will continue his services in Oakland, Alameda and San Jose till the present courses of lessons have expired. He is engaged in San Diego and National City for a short term after he leaves this vicinity. Address 1119 Sutter street, S. F.

THEIR DAY.

A day of justice seems dawning for the Jews—they are getting just verdicts in the courts of the Old World, and these will tend to foster a carefulness of conduct and speech, if it does not revolutionize the popular sentiment. The editor of a paper at Luxemburg recently published an assertion that the Talmud declared that the Jews might rightly deceive, rob and plunder, all who were not Jews. An immediate prosecution by the leading Hebrews of the city followed, and although the defendant endeavored to establish the truth of his statement, the judge before whom the case was tried, found him guilty of publishing a statement calculated to injure religion, and he was fined four hundred marks. We suspect the ground of the decision to be but a pretext, for

any sensible person knows that religion is not susceptible to injury by abuse and vilification, but only by its own errors and shortcomings.

The Hebrew religion tends about as much as any other to foster humanitarian principles and common honesty toward others, and we opine that it was this general good character of the Jews that the judge sought to vindicate, and he did well to improve the opportunity.

DO NOT KNOW.

It is refreshing to the soul to meet an honest man, above all an honest clergyman. There seems to be one in Chicago, who, in discussing with another of his class the subject of eternal punishment, frankly admitted he knew nothing about Hell, as he had never been there, and had no desire to go. Now, why should he not be equally honest regarding God? Of heaven and hell we may all know something, as both may be created around us, but we cannot possibly know anything of a personal or impersonal God; we cannot even understand the simplest of creation's works that are said to have come from His hand.

But there was never an age when so much knowledge was claimed of God as at the present. One man has gone so far as to write "The Life of God." As if a Supreme Being had a beginning and a common experience like man! Scientists explain creation by evolution, but they cannot tell when evolution began; they cannot tell from whence came the gases that combined to form our planet, neither can they trace back the origin of the molecule of the first form of life. They can go back to the abyssal depths of chaos; but there they are lost in darkness. All material things, sciences, religions and philosophies can be followed back to their beginning, but spiritual and soul things, never. Finite mind is limited in penetrability and understanding; it is this mystery and ignorance of things that appeals to the veneration of man, and which no other creature can feel. Whether we call it God or law, we know nothing of the awful mystery around us.

A VARIETY OF RESOURCES.

Knowing a little of many things and nothing in particular, is thought to be poor learning; but while the increasing sharpness of competition in this life forces the individual more and more to specialty, it always has, and is yet, often found to be a good thing to possess a versatility in resources. The man in Paris who announced himself as a "public scribe, who digests accounts," explains the language of flowers, and sells fried "potatoes," is one whom many a specialist would envy, in his weary and fruitless efforts to find an opportunity to demonstrate his ability to do one thing well. In despair the man of one idea often turns suicide or tramp. Old Dan Rice, the circus clown and temperance lecturer, made and spent several fortunes, but supported himself comfortably in later years by the delivery of a lecture on a subject which his earlier life was well designed to qualify him: "The Idiosyncracies of the Human Mind." And we do not suppose that was his last resource.

The Duke of Wellington had reason to regard himself as the most happy subject of independent and varied resort that ever stood in royal ranks. The possible abolition of the House of Lords had no alarm for him, since in that case he said he should go over to Belgium, where he would be Prince of Waterloo. "When the great powers 'swallow up Belgium,'" said he, "I can still 'live in Spain, where I'm Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo.' And if Spain collapses, I shall retire to 'Portugal, where I shall end my days as Marquis 'of Torres Vedras and Count of Vimiero.'" And in case Portugal failed him, he might have added that beyond the realm of kingdom and title lay the Western Continent, where all men are royal by virtue of freedom and brains alone, and whose obstacle to name and fame lies in the defects or deficiencies of their innate being, and not in any accident of birth or previous conditions or servitude.

"NOVEL IDEAS."

The race is old, and one would suppose that there could be no longer a novelty in ideas put into practice for the comfort, improvement and uplifting of its present generation. But so it is; every step in that direction strikes the public mind as "new," "novel" and "strange." In one sense it is all of these. It is passing strange that so old and perilous a business as ocean traffic and wayfaring, did not suggest a means for the relief and comfort of those who were in any way disabled upon the high seas. England has materialized this humanitarian idea, and fitted up a steamer for the benefit of the deep-sea fisherman, a "sea-going hospital," and who can estimate the misery it will lessen to a very important class of producers! Whatever we would relieve or suppose, we must go directly into its presence.

Charity is best administered by those who go among the ones receiving it. Ignorance can never be enlightened by expounding wisdom aloof from the ignorant, but by personal association, communication and kind interchange of thought, and the force of individual character. Vice disappears only in the presence of virtue, and it is only by personal association that suffering, poverty, crime and ignorance can be converted to better things.

Teaching, preaching, criticising, exhorting from rostrums and press will do for those who are on the up grade, but not at all for that larger class who are on no road at all, but in the bog and swamp of human helplessness and mental darkness. We must come down to these souls, lift them up by main force, then stay with them until they are strong enough to stand and go alone.

—We call attention to the card of Mrs. Betts, on our 5th page. This lady comes to us well recommended from Los Angeles (where she has practiced her gifts for several years), as an excellent medium for several phases of spirit manifestation. Her rooms are at 126 O'Farrell street (no sign), and she sits for ladies only.

TRAFFIC IN HUMANITY.

The slave trade that supplied our country with a cargo of humanity more than a century ago, that nucleus of a system that nearly caused the destruction of our Republic, still goes on; and with greater cruelty than in former times, so callous does the continued practice of wrong make the heart and sensibilities of man. An English missionary writing from Africa of the slave traffic says that "more than fifty thousand slaves are annually brought down to the coast, but that this is only a small proportion of the number that are dragged from their homes—that five times that number perish in the long march to the sea; and oh! the horrors those who survive, have undergone, only a slave could tell!"

With their necks almost dislocated by the prong of the rough branch with which they are secured; heavily chained, backs smarting under the lash of the slave driver, bodies almost fleshless from starvation, tongues protruding from thirst, women compelled to carry their babies on their backs and loads on their heads—no wonder that one after another they fall exhausted to the ground, and are left to either starve or become the prey of leopards or hyenas.

We all know that their tribulation does not cease if they reach the coast. When we consider for a moment the inspiring object of those many brave men who have perished in the wilds of Africa, we can well understand how the interest of the whole civilized world is centered upon that noble, intrepid man, Henry M. Stanley.

The horrible scene described is not one of occasional occurrence, but is daily expected. Is it possible that there is yet created a heaven? If so, it must be peopled wholly by those souls who have never experienced the sorrows of earth, and who remain blissfully unconscious of the woes and miseries that befall so many mortals who journey through this "vale of tears."

A GOOD COMMISSIONER.

It must be acknowledged that our soldiers who fought in the rebellion have not, in all cases, been treated, in the matter of pensions, as they deserved. But a brighter day dawned upon their lives when Commissioner of Pensions Tonner, came into office. In a public address on the 10th, he thus expresses himself on the subject:

"For long years I have had one conscientious conviction in my heart, which is stronger to-day than ever before, namely: That it is the 'bounden duty of this great Republic to see to it that no man who wore the blue, and who wore it in honor, shall ever feel the necessity of, 'or be permitted to, crawl under the roof of an almshouse for shelter. I propose, as soon as possible, to call in every one of the certificates of pension, the figures of which I have named, and re-issue them on the basis of the truth; that no man ought to be down upon the pension-roll of the United States for less than the 'miserable pittance of one dollar per day.'"

And now will a howl be raised, and a prayer ascend to God to "save the surplus," for it is too often thought a soldier needs a living only when in arms. But we trust another petition may ascend and be heard on high, to the effect that Commissioner Tonner's official existence may not be cut short, and, moreover, that he may fill his office for a second term, by the end of which time every defrauded Union soldier will have realized a better reward for his service.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The residence of the Editor of the GOLDEN GATE is now at that popular literary center, The Fauntleroy, No. 105 Stockton street.

—A grand concert will be given in College Hall, 106 McAllister street, Friday June 7th, at 8 P. M. A fine array of first class talent will appear. Tickets are now ready; 5 for 15.

—Dr. J. V. Mansfield, the well-known "spirit postmaster," will leave to-day for a short vacation at Yosemite, where the Doctor's poetic soul will drink to its fill of nature's marvellous beauties and wonders.

—A distinguished Boston citizen subscribed for fifty copies of the new work by Hudson Tuttle, "Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science," which he proposes to give to public libraries and ministers of the gospel.

—A dime social of the Ladies Elmsmere Club, for the benefit of the Elmsmere Kindergarten, will be held at the residence of Mrs. O. M. Washburn, 2728 Howard street, Saturday evening, June 1, 1889. A good time expected. All friends of kindergarten work invited.

—Hon. Wm. Bowley and wife returned from Summerland on Thursday morning, highly pleased with their trip. Mr. Bowley purchased six lots selected by himself, and left an order for a pretty cottage to be erected immediately. As soon as completed he will take up his residence there.

—The subject of Mr. Charles Dawbarn's lecture at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, at 2 P. M., on Sunday, May 26th, will be "Universal Progress, from the Stand-point of Modern Spiritualism." This subject, handled as this lecturer is so capable of doing, can not fail to be interesting and instructive to all who are searching for light. All who can should avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing these lectures.

—Here's what James G. Clark has to say of Sun Island (in a private letter to us), after visiting the place: "It looks better as I see it 'more. It is beyond any expectation I had 'formed of it before I visited Santa Barbara. 'You have not over-done it in your descriptions 'as regards the location for utility and attractiveness; and as regards the unrivalled scenery, 'no written description can do it justice. It 'must be seen before it can be fully appreciated.'"

—A noble sister Spiritualist, nearing her beautiful home in the Land of Souls—one whose benefactions for the cause she loves, and for humanity's sake, have made angels and mortals, many times, glad,—has just given to the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company" real estate, within an hour's ride of this city, valued at \$3,000. The property consists of a nearly new two-story house of nine rooms, with barn and sheds, chicken-house, etc. The lot is over an acre in extent, and contains a great variety of choice fruit trees, vines and beautiful flowers. Shrinking from all notoriety in matters of this kind, it is her desire that we withhold her name at present.

Independent Spiritual Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was largely attended. Mr. Swift presided. The exercises were opened by a few pertinent remarks by the Chairman, followed by a piano solo by Mrs. Katz, executed artistically. Mr. Joseph W. Maguire sang one of his solos, entitled, "I Am Coming," which always delights the ear of those who are blessed with a musical taste. The address of Prof. Holmes was a scholarly review of the ancient history of the mysterious manifestations of spirit power and the high esteem in which mediums of the early ages were held, as compared with the present age.

On the subject announced, "Materialization Unveiled," Jos. W. Maguire spoke. He proclaimed himself a firm believer in the spiritual phenomena, but he was inclined to sift and weed out the tricks and frauds of mediums, that we might better and more fully discern the truth. There is enough true, real genuine, Spiritualism, without sustaining or in the least giving sanction to deception. It is the outspoken sentiment of all intelligent, honest and true Spiritualists, that we be purged from the tricks and shows that lower the standard and bring the cause into disrepute in the estimation of the better class.

Mrs. Muhler sang one of her sweet and charming solos, to the great delight of the audience.

Next Sunday evening Jos. W. Maguire will endeavor to demonstrate to the audience the mystery as to how independent spirit voices are produced, by a process not known except to those initiated into the secret; also other tricks and deceptions that have deceived the honest, credulous believer.

In this matter of unveiling and separating the tares from the wheat, there is not allowed or permitted the least personal mention of individual names, a strict observance of this rule is required. The contest is one of principle not individuals.

St. George's Hall Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

St. George's Hall meeting, 909 Market street, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., was opened by Mrs. Logan in some telling remarks with regard to the Mind-Reader Bishop. She lamented exceedingly that learned physicians should be so entirely ignorant of the trance condition, and in their haste had pronounced death and the use of the knife while the spirit was not disconnected from the body. Why not let the corpse alone until decomposition set in? Then, if an autopsy is had, let it be by the consent of the relatives. She hoped that Madam Bishop would prosecute to the extent of the law, those that used the knife on her son, and that the agitation never would cease until the medical faculty were obliged to investigate the silent, occult forces in the universe.

Good music interspersed all the speeches by those very fine musicians, Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Cook, Miss Hare, Joseph McGuire. Professor Seymour's rounded periods on charity were really inspiring. Mr. Hodgkin, an elderly gentleman, possesses the balm of peace in every breath or word that he utters. Mrs. Lloyd spoke upon the cultivation of the best faculties. Mrs. Miller spoke with her usual enthusiasm. A few others followed in a spirited discussion on Materialization. Adjourned to meet next Sunday in same place.

Important Notice.

J. J. OWEN, ESQ., EDITOR GOLDEN GATE—*Dear Sir:* Will you kindly say in your next issue that the price of lots in Summerland will be advanced after June 22d next from \$30 to \$35 each. The price of \$30 per lot does not equal the acre price of land similarly situated. Over half of them are sold, and an advance to nearer real value would seem to be due to those already having purchased. The improvements already made and contemplated in the near future would, in a business sense, justify a greater advance, but in evidence that I do not make it for my own benefit, but for the good of the cause, I shall, and hereby agree to give all over \$30 per lot to the town for its improvement and benefit. The lots are assessed for taxation for the present year to me; therefore, purchasers from this time on will have no taxes to pay until December 1890. I give notice of this advance that I may not be charged with unfairness, and that all may have due notice of the same.

H. L. WILLIAMS,
SANTA BARBARA, Cal., May 18, 1889.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Progressive Spiritual meeting at Fraternity Hall last Sunday evening was largely attended, Mrs. Shephard presiding after singing by the congregation.

Mrs. Cowell gave an invocation which was very impressive, after a few timely remarks by our worthy president.

Mrs. Ladd-Finnican occupied the platform for the remainder of the evening. A number of tests were given and recognized throughout the audience. Mrs. Finnican not only being a medium of great power and ability, but also of a humorous and attractive manner, keeps the audience constantly smiling with her remarks.

Next Sunday evening will be devoted to our social entertainment for the benefit of the Society, consisting of songs and recitations by the members and friends of the society.

We invite all to come and participate with us in our meetings. Meetings commence at 7 P. M.

MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

Mediums' Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday afternoon Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, editor of *Free Thought*, delivered a most intensely interesting and practical discourse upon "Free Thought as a Medium for Proper Education."

Messrs. Dewey, Bean and Perkins sang several selections, and Dr. Abbott followed with a pithy speech complimenting the speaker and his work, after which circles were formed, and Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Jennie, Mrs. Gentry, and several other mediums gave to the many hungry test hunters that which they most desired.

Mrs. Stout furnished beautiful piano music to harmonize the conditions. Too much attention and appreciation can not be bestowed upon our musicians. A good piano player is indispensable at our meetings, but we do not always appear to realize it until they are gone. Should Mrs. Stout leave us, we would all suddenly realize that we had lost something valuable.

The Union Spiritual Meeting at St. Andrew's Hall on last Wednesday evening was well attended. The first hour was occupied by remarks by Professor Seymour and Mrs. Sully, and singing by Mrs. Lathrop and Mr. Dewey. The second

hour was given up to the mediums, who held circles and gave a great many tests which were received with great favor by the audience. Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:45 o'clock. All invited to attend.

The Young People's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday evening Fraternity Hall was again filled with interested truth seekers. G. F. Perkins presided and led the singing; several recitations were given, and Mr. Perkins gave several phenomenal readings which seemed to interest the audience immensely. Dr. Abbott demonstrated the power of psychology by causing several subjects upon the platform to perform some laughable physical demonstrations. He also gave many good tests. Mrs. Perkins gave many very satisfactory tests, also Mrs. Jennie of Oakland. Great interest was manifested by the young people present, as well as the older ones, and the harmony was not marred by wranglings, and discussions.

W. J. Colville on Summerland.

[The following is an extract from an excellent letter from the pen of W. J. Colville, published in "The Better Way" of May 18th.]

Though I have been requested by yourself and others to contribute to your valuable, instructive and interesting columns, my time has been, and still is, so fully occupied that I have had no time to write you an article, though I have often intended to do so. I am glad to see your favorable mention of that charming resort, Summerland, which is just now attracting an immense amount of favorable attention everywhere. It is a bona fide enterprise in every direction, and despite all the falsehoods and misrepresentations by the enemies, it is proving itself daily and hourly more and more capable of winning the confidence, not of speculators to whom no inducements are offered, and who are not wanted there, but of the wisest and most refined people from all parts of the country who are constantly testifying after having seen it, to the abundant charms of its situation and the rare advantages it offers to all in search of a pleasant home, where the climate is surpassingly salubrious, every prospect enchanting, and the settlers are persons of the most cultivated taste and the loftiest aspirations.

Santa Barbara, only five miles distant, is the most picturesque city on the Pacific Coast; for situation and climate it has no successful rival, and Summerland being directly on the coast, and yet sheltered by hills, is even more agreeable and delightful than Santa Barbara itself.

The Spiritualist colony, now in process of establishment there, will be one of the features of the age, and while I do not feel that much of my time will be spent there, I can not but hope that many of my friends will build homes for themselves on that entrancing spot, where all the beauties of earth, sea and sky lend themselves in richest profusion for the growth of all that is fairest and loveliest in mankind. The air here is filled with anticipations of great and speedy changes in the industrial order.

"Rays of Light, or Two Chapters from the Book of My Life, with Poems," by Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie, is a new book which each one of the many friends of that noble worker and speaker will desire to possess. The book contains a fine likeness of Mrs. Lillie, and both the prose and poetry contained within its beautiful pages commend themselves to all intelligent readers. The book may be had of the author, address Melrose, Mass. Price, \$1.25, and 12 cents extra for postage.

MARVELOUS CURE.

Another Marvelous Cure, by Dr. J. S. Loucks of Worcester, Massachusetts. Unsolicited testimonial:

EUREKA, Kansas, Jan. 10, 1886.

DR. J. S. LOUCKS—*Dear Sir:* I herewith send you two dollars to pay for remedies. My wife's health is so much improved with your treatment that she now believes that she is going to get well (you may think I should not have worded it in that way), but for her to express hopes of getting well is but to speak of your treatment in the most favorable light possible. She has been sick for nine years, and at times her suffering has been almost beyond endurance. What has been the disease? You probably know better than I do. Although she has been treated by two of our best physicians, I have never learned what was the real cause of the trouble. They simply called it a breaking down of the nervous system, and they have failed to do anything for her more than temporarily relieving her when she was having severe crampings. The trouble usually commences by chills running over her and especially up the back and through the shoulders. This often repeated for several days, and with this would commence that "all gone" feeling (as she says) in the pit of the stomach, and the circulation would become bad, so much so that at times there was little or no pulse, palpitation of the heart, hard work to breathe. Then would come the cramps. These symptoms have been growing on her for nine years, becoming more frequent and more severe all the time. At first she only had them about two or three times a year, but before we received your first box of remedies she had got so that she had three and four a month, and had got so low that it was only by giving her the strongest stimulants that we kept her alive at all. When your letter came and you said don't give her any stimulants, not even tea and coffee, I can but confess I felt a great reluctance. I thought to take her off of the stimulants was soon to result disastrously, but I knew that she could not last long without relief. I gave your remedies as directed. I did not give her any more stimulants. The two days following she had slight chills. She has had that chilly sensation several times since which causes that goneness in the stomach. She has had no indications other than those of cramps since we commenced your treatment. Now you can see, that for her to say that she believes she is going to get well, she looks to you with a heart full of gratitude and on you as a great benefactor. If this is of any use to you, you are at liberty to use it.

A. M. STODARD.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUNE 9th. — 1889 — JUNE 30th.

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ASSOCIATION!

— WILL HOLD THEIR —

Fifth--Annual--Meeting!

— IN —

SAN FRANCISCO.

Commencing Sunday, June 9, 1889,
Continuing over Four Sundays.

LOCATION.

As formerly the meetings will be held in the large Tent of the Association, which will be erected on the West side of VAN NESS AVENUE, near Market street. A place easily reached from all points of the city by lines of cable cars.

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As in former years, the platform will be occupied by able speakers and the most popular test mediums that have ever appeared before the public. The management take great pleasure in presenting the following

PROGRAM.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 9th, Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Tuesday, 2:30 P. M., 11th, Short Address by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, and Conference; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 12th, Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 8 P. M., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 13th, Answers to Questions by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and Conference; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Friday, 2:30 P. M., 14th, Answers to Questions by Mr. W. J. Colville; 8 P. M., Literary and Musical Entertainment.

Saturday, 2:30 P. M., 15th, Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 16th, Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn; 8 P. M., Tests by Mrs. J. J. Whitney.

Tuesday, 2:30 P. M., 18th, Answers to Questions by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 19th, Answers to Questions by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and Conference; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer.

Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 20th, Short Address by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, and Conference; 8 P. M., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Friday, 2:30 P. M., 21st, Children's Meeting; 7:45 P. M., Literary and musical entertainment.

Saturday, 2:30 P. M., 22d, Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Wm. Emmet Coleman.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 23d, Lecture by Mr. Charles Dawbarn; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by W. J. Colville;

Tuesday, 2:30 P. M., 25th, Conference meeting; 7:45 P. M., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 26th, Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Carrie L. Downer.

Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 27th, Answers to questions by Mrs. E. B. Crossette; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Prof. W. H. Holmes.

Friday, 2:30 P. M., 28th, Short address by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou; 8 P. M., Literary and musical entertainment.

Saturday, 2:30 P. M., 29th, Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 30th, Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Charles Dawbarn; 8 P. M., Tests by Mrs. J. J. Whitney.

MUSIC.

The Musical Department and the Friday evening Entertainments will receive special attention, and be made an enjoyable part of the exercises.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

There will be no camping upon the grounds. In close proximity good board and lodging can be obtained at reasonable rates.

All strangers from abroad are cordially invited to unite with us in this prominent spiritual event of the year, and feel they have a home among us. This is the first time the State Association has pitched its tent in the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and a large attendance is expected, with an outpouring of spiritual blessing from the hosts of light.

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(TITLE PAGE.)

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM

will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity

Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909 1/2 and 913 1/2

Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is com-

modious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and

all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS

meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35

Onesimus Toole: or, from Shadow to Sunshine.

Continued from First Page.

ven curls, an expression of dreamy thoughtfulness rendering his mobile features remarkably attractive, his whole air one of mystic, pensive expectancy, the boy fully looked the part he had been assigned to play by a higher intelligence than that of his earthly comrades. As Mr. Toole spoke quietly and kindly to him, questioning him gently concerning the state of his feelings now that he was in a strange house and among people who were not even acquaintances until the day before, he replied that he had only two ideas in his mind: First, gratitude to all who had been kind to him, and second, wonder as to whether the mysterious current of his strange and eventful life was then bearing him.

He struck Mr. Toole as a child without a country, in the fullest sense of that expression. He was a Greek by birth, but so utterly cosmopolitan in all his instincts that one could never tell if he had a scrap of regard for one land he did not feel for all others. He talked at all times freely, when he was in a conversational mood, but never made himself obtrusive, then often for quite long periods he showed a complete aversion for all conversation. At such times he was evidently in communion with something not generally perceived by mortals, for his bright, expressive eyes would show signal animation as can never light the countenance of one who is indifferent or merely thoughtful, and certainly such bright expressions do not accompany sad moods.

As he showed a perfect willingness to speak freely on any topic on this occasion, Mr. Toole interrogated him quite closely as to the purport of his strange assertion, that the whole party were on their way to Paris except Mrs. O'Shannington and her youngest daughter, who had decided to spend August at the White Mountains. After gazing into vacancy, as it appeared, for a few moments, he started, suddenly exclaiming, "Oh, there's Heloise again. O, how eager she looks. 'Come at once.' I see written in the air in letters of flame, she is in a telegraph office in Paris now, sending a dispatch, it is growing late in the evening there, the lamps are lighted. Are you ready to go Mr. Toole? You must go. There are people you must meet who will shape all your future career, you cannot meet them here, only in Paris; and in London you have a work to do very soon indeed, sooner than you think for or can imagine. Look, don't you see the letters, they are so vivid to me, I think you must see them, 'Come on La Gascoigne, which sails August ninth. Dr. Maxwell, Mrs. Finchley, Lydia O'Shannington, you and I, are all five going, and we shall have lovely times across the water. The dispatch will be a the doctor's house soon after you get back. Count Katalowynski has changed his mind, he will not prosecute, he sees its of no use; but he will follow us to Europe. As soon as we get there business will call him to Russia, a message from the Czar, he is a great nobleman, and one of the most reliable spies in the pay of the Government. Of course the message will not come from the Czar direct, but he will know the cipher and obey instantly; there will be no war between England and Russia for many years, though the papers will go on declaring it imminent."

Proceeding in similar strain, passing rapidly from point to point, Zenophon outlined the future of nations as well as individuals, with an ease and apparent certainty that all he said was true, that fairly startled Mr. Toole, who could not understand how anybody, no matter how clairvoyant, could thus map out the future. He could see how Swedenborg described a fire already burning in Stockholm while he was far away, but prediction of coming events he could not understand, and as he had been for some years pastor of a Free will Baptist Church, and had a strong anti-calvinistic horror of the doctrine of predestination, seeing that Zenophon was decidedly in a "superior condition," put this question to whatever power might be able to answer it.

"If God endows man with freedom of will, and without such freedom I utterly fail to see how any man can be either virtuous or vicious in any moral sense. How can any power foretell the unaccomplished, without coercing human wills, and thereby nullifying the purpose of the Infinite, a result self-evidently impossible?"

In soft, but decided accents the boy made answer in these words: "Prophecy, that greatest of all spiritual gifts, next to love, is not in any sense as you and many others imagine, a gift of fortune-telling, as though every detail of each human career were planned out so that it must occur just so, and at just such a time; there is, however, a clear-seeing faculty of spirit, which whenever possessed, enables whoever enjoys it to see the general drift of human occurrences, for not only must we recognize an immutable law or order in the universe, we must, in addition, if we are logical, attribute foresight to superior developments of intelligence. Speaking of your own personal career, we discern you to be a man of more than average conscientiousness; we know you to be superior to the corroding influences of monetary gain, when offers of advancement are not in the way of loyalty to sense of duty; we see the powers which are about you, we know the influences to which you are most subject, and we are also conscious that you have been selected to perform a very important mission, which however, you could put from you, were

you to in against your convictions. This however, we judge is well nigh impossible for you to do, for when a soul has awakened as you have to a love of truth, the affections being wisely directed, there is little likelihood of material interests exerting a very powerful sway. Then we observe further, that in your case, there will not be even a strong worldly inducement for you to back-slide. Your mother, who is at present the one of all others nearest and dearest to you, will be increasingly, as she now is, your coadjutor in every ennobling forward step you take on your own and other's behalf, and the lady who is to be your wife, (to whom you have not yet proposed, but who is ever growing, more and more, into your ideal of womanhood, while you are fast becoming her hero, though she never thinks of you in the light of a future husband;) will be in all respects well calculated to keep you firm in the path outlined for you by those who direct your path.

"Now, as to the affairs of Europe, the invisible world is not ruled according to the principles of the no-law theory. There is a perfect system of government combining all the best elements of theocracy, paternalism, monarchy and republicanism, though celestial government is like no form of government you know on earth. It is occasionally faintly outlined by such writers as Henry Bulwer, (Lord Lytton), and others who are not simply novelists, but inspired geni. When you the better comprehend this wiser government than any that prevails on earth, you will be prepared to see somewhat into the law which enables the seer to foretell coming events."

After about an hour's converse on all sorts of topics, the man and boy, who had by this time come to highly esteem each other, separated, as Mr. Toole wanted to get back to Dr. Maxwell's by seven o'clock for dinner, as he knew arrangements had been made for a special circle immediately after.

On reaching the house he found everything just as usual to all appearance, though there was a feeling of agitation in the air, as though some surprising event were about to transpire, or had already taken place. If it be true that "coming events cast their shadows before them," this was not surprising, as the circumstances of the evening more than verified all suspicions.

After dinner the party seated itself around a large centre table in the library, in seemingly the most purposeless manner. Mrs. Catsleigh was the only visitor, and she was particularly instructed to come alone, and to insure this rule being enforced a carriage containing Mrs. Finchley and Miss O'Shannington had gone to pick her up just as she was thinking where she had better take her dinner, (she never liked to board regularly, and in warm weather a restaurant she had visited three times always seemed stifling to her, and the food unpalatable).

She had gladly acceded to an invitation to dinner, and had made herself very agreeable at table, and as she was simply dressed in white muslin, with japonicas in her hair and at her breast, she did not appear as formidable as on previous occasions.

No sooner had they seated themselves at the table, than Mrs. Catsleigh, who had possessed clairvoyant ability in her childhood, began to snigger as though a current of cold air were passing down her spine, but on being asked what she saw or felt, she answered, "Oh, nothing."

Mrs. Pushing had advised her to relinquish mediumship altogether which that lady declared was incompatible with pure christian science, and Mrs. Catsleigh had half yielded to the importunities of her instructress; however, whenever she was in Mrs. Finchley's company she felt the old sensations, not at all unpleasantly, but just so as to remind her that it is easy enough to deny what one will with the lip, but a far more difficult task to banish experiences which pertain legitimately to a certain department of science and human experience. As their conversation drifted toward the proceedings of psychical research societies on both sides of the Atlantic, Dr. Maxwell commented forcibly upon the silly attitude of so many of the research committees. Many of them are addicted to a narrow form of theology they are determined to uphold in spite of anything, while others are so completely wedded to agnosticism they do not wish to know anything about what they have already styled the unknowable while it is in reality simply the at present unknown.

As they were talking a slight tremulous electrical movement was felt traveling around the circle, influencing all the sitters. Mrs. Finchley was the first to give utterance to the influence which made its presence felt thus palpably.

"Dear friends," she began, "before we finish our sitting this evening we shall receive news from abroad telling us of the need felt for our presence in Europe and the blessings which will accrue to ourselves from a trans-atlantic voyage. Our time of absence from home will be very limited but very fruitful. Prof. Montmartre and Heloise have already sent us word. We shall receive a telegram from the Professor and a psychic visit from his daughter."

Scarcely had Mrs. Finchley's lips ceased moving when a clear, bell-like voice rang out in a soft, silvery peal of subdued laughter: "I've come first to deliver my message in person; papa has sent his under the ocean. You must visit us at once. 'La Gascoigne' sails on the 9th and that will get you to Havre by the 17th, as she makes the passage this weather in eight

days easily; then you will be at our house the same evening. Remember this is important business, and you remember our compact; I shall always keep you up to the terms of the agreement. When there's a special reason for you and papa meeting I am to inform you by occult telegraphy, and papa's letters are to confirm the reality of my visit and the truth of what I have told you."

The voice ceased and the door-bell rang loudly, as messenger boys usually ring it, to give people a sense of the importance of the messages they bear with them, however lowly may be their estimate of themselves. Not liking to interfere with a seance, the page gently slipped the cablegram which then arrived under the library door. Mr. Toole picked it up and on being asked to open it read as follows: "Very important business requires you here at once. Yourself, aunt and three visitors. You can and will come. Signed Jerome de Montmartre."

No sooner had they received these tidings than an officer called at the house inquiring for Count Katalowynski whose presence he declared was very greatly needed in Russia. This interruption to the proceedings proved an agreeable one as Col. Ozokoff Petrovonavovska was one of the St. Petersburg celebrities, who in years gone by had been convinced of the existence of unseen forces operating on man through his remarkable experiences with that most gifted medium, Daniel Dunglas Home. The Colonel was a high-bred Russian of the noblest type, an officer of unimpeachable integrity though well versed in all the intricate diplomacy of the Russian secret service.

Count Katalowynski arrived soon after, purposing to re-capture Zenophon by fair means or foul. His indignation had during the time since his last interview with those whom he called the boy's dastardly captors, been raised to a pitch of broiling frenzy. To be thwarted in any of his designs was gall and wormwood to his imperial temper, while to lose the chief instrument in carrying out his plans for money-making and self-aggrandizement, goaded him to lawless desperation. He carried with him a jeweled stiletto wherever he went, deadly toy, but so fascinating in its appearance that many delicate ladies would play with it as they would with a fan or bracelet; determining to use force if persuasion and threatenings alike failed, though not otherwise. The Count in faultless evening attire, blazing with diamonds, his magnificent crown of golden hair scintillating like an aureole about his head, his green eyes flashing like two huge emeralds of the purest water, did indeed appear a formidable adversary to encounter.

Had Zenophon been at Dr. Maxwell's instead of at Northwalk, he would no doubt have seized the boy and walked off with him quietly, had such a course been feasible, but under present circumstances he was baffled, and to be foiled in his case was to seek a deadly revenge on his foilers. With mischief in his eyes though politeness on his tongue, he entered the library unannounced, having over-awed the page at the door; but when just ready to prefer his claim, a gentleman came up to him with stately courtesy and friendly familiarity combined, saying: "My good fellow, you and I are to travel together to St. Petersburg. I am going on 'La Gascoigne' to Havre; she sails on the 9th. It is the gracious will of our sovereign that we make a journey to Russia together."

"Delighted I'm sure," replied Count Katalowynski, though he bit his lip with inward vexation. Suddenly recollecting himself, however, he turned to Dr. Maxwell, and said rather contemptuously, though not without some simulated affability. "How do you and Zenophon get on together? I shall want my young friend to attend me on the voyage; the journey would be intolerable to me without him; he does everything for me I require."

"We are going on the same steamer ourselves," responded the gentleman addressed, "so we shall all be able, I hope, to be of service to each other. I think Zenophon had better remain where he is till we sail, but I shall defer quite gladly to our new friend Col. Petrovonovovska's decision."

"I say," said the Colonel, let the powers beyond us decide. I am a Spiritualist, as every one who knows me knows well, and for twenty-seven years I have never been misled by the communications through my own wife and daughter."

Again the voice of Heloise rang through the apartment striking something like terror to the Count, but giving joy and satisfaction to all the others. "Zenophon belongs to us; he is Azoriel's protegee; let any one seek, at his peril, to tamper with the lightning." Other messages followed, and when Mrs. Finchley was influenced by the good old Colonel's mother, the sturdy Russian was fairly overcome. At midnight they separated to their various houses, and peace reigned over all.

(To be continued.)

The following is cut from an article by the Rev. John Robertson, Stonehaven, published in the *People's Journal*:

"The devil is powerful, but he is not all-powerful. He is not almighty. He is a creature, and Christ is his creator."

Assuming the reverend gentleman to be well-informed on this subject, then but for Christ there would have been no devil.—*National Reformer*.

Life is now. The Past only lives in the Present.

Dying Sayings of Notable People.

Pizarro—Jesu!
Goethe—More light.
Knox—Now it is come.
Byron—I must sleep now.
Charles Mathews—I am ready.
Talma—The worst is, I cannot see.
Haldyn—God preserve the emperor.
Chesterfield—Give Day Rolles a chair.
Addison—See how a Christian can die.
Arria—My Poetus, it is not painful.
Louis XVIII—A king should die standing.

Franklin—A dying man can do nothing easy.

Socrates—Crito, we owe a cock to Asclepius.

William Pitt—Oh, my country, how I love thee!

Rabelais—Let down the curtain, the farce is over.

Sir Walter Scott (to his family)—God bless you all!

Napoleon III (to Dr. Conneau)—Were you at Sedan?

Lord Thurlow—I'll be shot if I don't believe I'm dying.

Columbus—Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

Cromwell—My desire is to make what haste I may to be gone.

Gen. Wolfe—What! do they run already? Then I die happy.

William III (of England)—Can this last long? (to his physician).

Demonax (the philosopher)—You may go home; the show is over.

Jefferson—I resign my spirit to God, my daughter to my country.

Charles II (of England)—Don't let poor Nelly starve. (Nell Gwynn).

Fontenelle—I suffer nothing, but feel a sort of difficulty in living longer.

Marie Antoinette—Farewell, my children, forever. I go to your father.

Schiller—Many things are growing plain and clear to my understanding.

Lord Eldon—It matters not where I am going whether the weather be cold or hot.

Charles IX (of France)—Nurse, nurse, what murder! what blood! Oh, I have done wrong! God pardon me!

Dr. Hunter—If I had strength to hold a pen I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.

Louis XIV—Why weep ye? Did you think I should live forever? (Then after a pause)—I thought dying had been harder.

George IV—Whathy, what is this? It is death, my boy. They have deceived me. (Said to his page, Sir Wathen Waller).

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"Eternal Punishment."

BY JOHN HENDALL.

I have been the round of several churches during the last few Sundays, to see what kind of preachers were in the pulpits, and what kind of hearers in the pews, as far as an hour's judgment would enable me to determine. On two occasions I have heard the doctrine of the eternal punishment of any finally impenitent man most distinctly proclaimed. It seems incredible, but it is a fact. And in one instance the preacher—a seemingly cultivated and intelligent man—was careful to impress upon his audience what was meant, viz, (I do not quote his words), conscious misery forever, as the result of wrath which God is treasuring up in a sort of magazine, being poured out upon one of his creatures. The magazine will never be empty because it is God's; the creature will never be full, because God has made him immortal. Is not this awful? I tell you, Mr. Editor, this doctrine is being preached every Sunday to San Francisco hearers. No wonder that a very small percentage of the population ever enter a place of worship—"a place of worship!"—what a burlesque! The percentage will become less. Inevitably so. Just think of it again! A direct infliction of agony from the Father of the universe, upon one of his conscious and intelligent children, forever—and that agony serves no purpose; its end is itself: and existence is only perpetuated that that agony may be endured!

I concur with what Mr. Colville said last Sunday evening, "The doctrine of the eternal damnation of the wicked has done more harm to the world, than orthodoxy has done good." The world has only to wait a little longer. There needs no earthquake to reduce the churches to ruin. They will fall of dry rot.

Let us look a moment at this doctrine that I have heard preached lately from university lips, under gorgeous temple roofs and towers; sounded through long-drawn aisles and darkened arches, amid intervals of music the most enchanting, and to congregations seemingly amongst the most wealthy and intelligent. Some, nay, a large portion of the men and women of this globe are to be doomed, when they leave it, to endless agony and woe! They die in sin, and their case is fixed for eternity! God has brought them into existence to run such a risk as that, if they fall in this life under tremendous disadvantages—their chances are gone—*worse still*—they must suffer forever!

Is argument necessary with any sane man, to show him that if that is true, there must be at the Head of this universe what Theodore Parker called "an ugly devil," instead of a benignant being? Is argument necessary with any sane man, to show him that a life so perilous as that, is a curse in any case? Would any sane man have consented to take the hazard, if he had had the power to choose whether he would or not before he was born? Would he not have said, "No, I am nothing, let me remain so, I am safe as nothing, let me continue so rather than become a rational being to run that risk; that path of life conducts millions to everlasting torment, I may be amongst them, let me remain as I am—nothing."

An incident in my early ministry comes to my mind. The only son of very intelligent members of my church had died, he was amiable, kind, virtuous, accomplished; his short life of eighteen years had been a blessing, not only to his parents but to all who knew him. He had not, however, distinctly professed at any moment of his life to have become a Christian. His disposition and conduct were irreproachable, and he had always shown a great respect for religion. He was suddenly laid upon a bed of sickness; parental affection, friendship, medical skill, all stretched out their hands to save that youth from death; they could not; he died. His broken-hearted parents were, one day after his death, conversing with the senior minister of the church of which I was the junior minister, about their departed child. They spoke of excellencies which all acknowledged, but they went too far. They actually thought their boy had been too good for this world, but worse still, had been raised to a sphere of nobler life and action. The aged embodiment of orthodoxy was obliged to interfere with their happiness. He was sorry to do it, but he was in conscience bound to do it. He said he had not known of their son's conversion; there were only two worlds beyond this, and none who died unconverted could go to be with Christ, however moral and lovely they had been.

I remember the indignation I felt at the needless blow dealt at those already wounded hearts, though theologically I supposed he was correct. But he was very jealous for the honor of his traster; at least he thought so, and his contracted mind defended it as best it could.

One thing I know, wherever and with whomsoever that young man is I want to be, and wherever and with whomsoever that old man is, I don't. Of the latter I have had enough to last me for a few ages at least.

But to return: those bereaved parents could not bear it—that such gifts of mind and loveliness of character as had shone in their child should have been suddenly taken from before their eyes, to a world where there is nothing but shame and mis-

ery, weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and other conditions and employments equally repulsive and undignified, as well as equally out of harmony with his surroundings and tastes on earth—they could not bear it. They said if that is the teaching of theologians concerning God, we can not believe in their God at all. They left the church.

Of course, according to the tenets of his church, the minister referred to could take no other position, if he was to take any at all. No matter what a child is, no matter how promising and beautiful its mind and character are, now matter, indeed, how brief has been the period of its moral agency, it need not be measured by years as has this boy's. If it is measured only by a single day, and it dies without conversion, as it is called, it is doomed to a misery that is everlasting.

This is the logical outcome of the doctrine that was propounded to parents bereaved of a boy who was their hope and pride, the light and blessing of their home. This is one essential form of the theory of eternal punishment which is preached in San Francisco pulpits every Sunday. There is no escape from it, and if a man does not believe that a bright and lovely child of even ten years of age (all children are moral agents by that time) who dies without having believed in Christ and being converted, as the term goes, is doomed to an eternal hell. He does not believe in the doctrine of an eternal hell at all.

I heard it loudly proclaimed in a cathedral the other day that as God is infinite, sin against him has infinite guilt, and therefore justice demands that infinite punishment be awarded. What infinite nonsense! No act of a finite being can be infinite. Qualities can not be produced from without. They are inherent. Infinity can not attach to any act of a finite being, unless, indeed, I must make an exception of the act I have just referred to in a pulpit, and again call it infinite nonsense. I will venture to contradict myself to that extent.

Here is a child of six years of age that has just passed the boundary line of responsibility to God, as theologians call it, committing sin against him, and that sin is stamped as infinite, because directed against an Infinite Being. That child's sin, therefore, has set the seal to a misery that will be endless if he is hurried out of life unforgiven! Shocking! The world will soon come to think that any man who can hold such a belief as having the necessary credentials for admission into a lunatic asylum.

Some may say in reply to all this, it is sentiment and not argument. We have argument at hand in abundance if it is wanted. But we fling back such a reply. This is argument. A man's best nature against a thing; the feeling in him that he would not do with his child, whatever that child had done, what orthodoxy says God will do with him. Reason, instinct, undying love are arguments. I will contradict myself again—infinite arguments.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Lifting of the Veil.

"To my own mind there is no doubt at all that these 'days of unbelief,' as they are called, are in reality days of readjustment, of fuller spiritual light and development. We are constantly told that religion is on her trial now-a-days. How can that through which alone we live and move and have our being be 'on its trial' in any sense of a possibility of being superseded? Hypocrisy and cant and priestcraft are on their trial, because men have learned to think for themselves, and to refuse to be hounded into any sort of religious acquiescence that does not represent an honest and manly desire to use God's gift of reason within its due limits, acknowledging the enormous space beyond that can only be covered by faith in the Heavenly Father. The vast number of new sects, Theosophy, Modern Buddhism, Christian Scientists, Spiritualists, and the whole machinery of Psychic Research, all tend to show a gradual lifting of the veil between ourselves and the spirit-world. Some see in all this only the restless curiosity of an over-civilized race, longing for some fresh dainty to tickle its palate. It is wiser and truer, I think, to see in it the gradual upheaval of thought that marks any further development of spiritual training. The theological anti-hill has had a good many pokes and stirs of late years, and the scene just now is one of wild confusion, the ants hurrying hither and thither, disturbed and anxious, in search of some firm foothold. A metaphysical ant might even argue that the end of the world had come; but the solid foundations remain as before. It is only one little hill that has to be readjusted and built up again."—Miss E. Catherine Bates, *Year in the Great Republic*, Vol. I, p. 177.

I TREASURE most and best the truth I found through the seeming untruth of life; the sunshine I found prisoned in somber shadows, piercing its way into the depths of deep valleys; the gems which sparkled in the damp cold soil of bitter experience; the flowers which bloomed neglected and unlovely in the by-ways of life.—Mrs. Williams-Patterson.

ISRAEL STOOPS, who recently fell from a roof, died to-day, says a dispatch from Los Angeles. Shortly before dissolution the man said to his wife: "When my soul leaves my body and enters the other world, I will let you know by crossing my hands upon my breast." He kept his word, and died immediately after giving the sign.

Sir John Franklin and the "Revelation."

(The Two Worlds.)

(It can not be over-stated the attention of many readers of the daily journals that an article is going through some of them, purporting to restore the substance of a book lately published, in which it is claimed that the fate of Sir John Franklin and that of the doomed expedition that he led, as conducted to the Arctic regions, was revealed forty years ago by a spirit, and subsequently communicated to Lady Franklin, and by her accepted as a genuine revelation. In the Daily News, of London, the Newcastle Chronicle, and other journals, have appeared leading articles on this subject, and for the benefit of those who may not have perused these articles, we reproduce that which appeared in the last-mentioned journal, of the 13th inst. It is as follows:)

"The meetings of Spiritualists and the researches of the Psychical Society have prepared the world for much that is strange. The Rev. J. Henry Skewes, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Liverpool, and late President of the Liverpool Mental Science Association, must, however, receive the palm as the narrator of a startling incident connected with a memorable episode. After 'forty years' silence,' Mr. Skewes has revealed the true secret of the discovery of Sir John Franklin's fate. Those who would study the matter in full detail may be referred to the volume which now lies before us, and which, under the title of 'Sir John Franklin,' has just been issued by Messrs. Bemrose and Sons, London. Its purpose is to show that the exact locality in which the missing explorer met his death was explicitly revealed by a little child four years after Franklin had sailed on his final and fatal expedition, and some five years before Dr. Rae obtained tidings of the lost navigator by purchasing a number of articles belonging to Franklin from a party of Esquimaux. To make matters plain, however, it is advisable to proceed in something like order.

"On May 24th of the year 1845, the 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' in charge of Sir John Franklin and Captain Francis Crozier, steamed out of the Thames on their mission of Arctic discovery and survey. Years passed and nothing was heard of them. Their last dispatch had come from the Whalefish Islands, and was dated July 12, 1845. Accordingly, in 1848, the 'Plover' sailed to Behring Strait in search of them. That expedition was unsuccessful, and so were many others that followed. At last the Government grew tired of fitting out vessels for what looked like a hopeless task; and it was left for Lady Franklin to do what she could by means of her private resources and the aid of her friends.

"This brings us to the year 1849. The fate of Sir John Franklin continued to excite great public sympathy and interest, and among the rest the family of a Captain Coppin, who lived in Londonderry, shared in this feeling. The family seems to have been somewhat peculiar. It consisted of the father, Mrs. Coppin, her sister, and four children of tender years. Early in 1849 one of the children named 'Weesy'—the short for Louisa—had died of gastric fever. Though dead, 'Weesy' was, nevertheless, in the language of her brothers and sisters, 'always about.' Sometimes she appeared to them in the form of a 'ball of bluish light,' at others she went from room to room the same as before her demise. On one occasion 'Weesy' went so far even as to announce the death of a relative of the family by causing the words 'Mr. Makay is dead' to appear written on the wall. As this death was duly verified, 'Weesy' naturally attained a position of some importance. The topic of Sir John Franklin's fate being in everybody's mouth, it occurred to the aunt of 'Weesy' to consult that spirit. The result was that immediately there appeared on the floor 'a complete Arctic scene, showing two ships surrounded with ice and almost covered with snow, including a channel that led to the ships.'

"So realistic was the scene that those who beheld it shivered with cold. One of them, however, had the presence of mind to make a drawing of it in the form of a chart. Then came the question as to something more definite being desirable. Consulted again, the obliging 'Weesy' complied by drawing on the opposite wall in large round letters three inches in length the following: 'Erebus and Terror. Sir John Franklin, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, Point Victory, Victoria Channel.' The route of the missing explorer was thus traced, and it remained alone to make use of the 'revelation' for practical purposes.

"The following year Captain Coppin, who had, of course, heard all about 'Weesy,' and had seen the chart, called upon Lady Franklin, who was then busy arranging for her first expedition. On being told of what had occurred, Lady Franklin's countenance brightened, and she exclaimed, 'It is all true! It is all true! Your children are right. Three months before Sir John set sail, we were sitting by the fire, when he said, 'Jane, recollect if I find any difficulty I shall seek to return by the American continent, and if I fail in that, I shall go up by the Great Fish River, and so get to the Hudson Bay Territory.'

"This fireside remark had been forgotten, but was now recalled. After this it ought to follow, as a matter of course, that the route being traced on the spiritual chart, and accepted not only by Lady Franklin, but by Captain Kennedy, the commander of the 'Prince Albert,' the remains of Sir John Franklin were promptly discovered. But it was not to be. Unlike the hero of Mr. Clark Russell's novel, 'The Golden Hope,' spiritual guidance was not so effective with Captain Kenne-

dy. It was left for Dr. Rae, while trafficking in 1854 with the Esquimaux, to come upon Sir John's star or order, a watch, some silver spoons, and other articles belonging to the party. It was left also for Hobson and McClintock to discover in 1859, at Point Victory, near Cape Victoria, the all important paper hidden beneath a cairn and telling that Sir John had died in 1847, and that the ships were deserted in 1848. The route traced by 'Weesy' had, nevertheless, been correct; and as this circumstance, according to the Rev. J. H. Skewes, rests on unimpeachable authority, she must claim the benefit of a true prophecy. When she wrote on the floor, in 1849, the Bellot Strait, as indicated by her, was entirely unknown. The story, to say the least of it, is a strange one."

To the above communication we have simply to add that which seems to the editors of secular papers to be such a "strange story," is only so because the press, until lately, have so persistently shut out all the evidences of spirit power and guidance from their columns, and admitted only such statements as were calculated to bring the powers and potencies of Spiritualism into discredit. Meantime, the facts, truths, and possibilities of what Spiritualism may AND SHALL become have steadily moved on, the press, pulpit, and world notwithstanding. A few years ago, the Rev. J. H. Skewes, who publishes the book from which the above-quoted statements are extracted, was the bitter enemy of Spiritualism, and the antagonist in a debate on its facts and truths held in Liverpool, in which he was the opposer, and the present writer and editor of this journal was the defender. Mrs. Hardinge Britten's reply to the Rev. J. H. Skewes' attack on Spiritualism and its facts was widely printed and circulated, and is still in existence. Mrs. Hardinge Britten's prophecy that Mr. Skewes would yet know and acknowledge the error of his course in "fighting against the living God" is now realized. But this is not all—Sir John Franklin's fate, and that of his noble associates, as martyrs to the cause of geographical discovery, was not confined to the source mentioned in Mr. Skewes' book. There is a history—aye, and a marvellous one—known to the Spiritualists of America, published in some of their earliest records, and facing the editor in her study as she now writes, which proves how deeply and earnestly the spirit world were in communication with mortals on the subject of their arisen martyrs and their fate, and their continued efforts from the higher world, to lift and shoulder the burdens they had dropped in mortal death, as immortal spirits. "Who has believed our reports?" "Having eyes they saw not, having ears they heard not, nor would they understand."

The day has come when the stupendous truths of Spiritualism are so forcing their testimony on the slow apathetic spirit of a priest-ridden age, that they MUST believe. In view of this change of base, we shall give in a succeeding issue another and still more remarkable addendum to the wonderful history of Spiritualism and Sir John Franklin.

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- III. Mediumship (continued): Its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.
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Address, B. F. FOOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Dream.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

I dreamed I stood within the vale
And saw the path that all must tread—
That sunny valley, dark and still,
Where pass the souls whom none call dead.

I saw two figures hast'ning on,
The one a girl, all pale and worn,
And one a woman, grand and tall,
By her own pride and strength upborne.

Her satin robes were loosely trailed
Along the rough and rugged way,—
The path was narrow, steep and wild,
Yet taught her rapid steps could stay.

She gained upon the frail one there
Whose step was faltering, faint and weak,
"O, pass me not," the poor child cried—
The proud one turned but did not speak.

Her satin robe she swept aside
To keep it from the pauper's grasp,
The costly gems and flow'rs she wore
She held with firmer, closer clasp.

She reached the gate—an angel stood
And leaned upon its golden bar;
She proudly gazed into his face—
The pearly gate swung not ajar.

"What I know you not," the lady said,
"I am the far-famed Madam C—"
My praises are on all men's lips—
I gave my riches wide and free.

"A grand cathedral I have built,
In all church lists my name was seen,
"I know, I know," the angel sighed,
"But did you help the Magdalene?"

"Have you e'er blest an orphan child,
Bid a lost sister to you come?
With such as these—the poor and weak—
Have you e'er shared your stately home?"

Just then the timid wand'rer came
And paused beside the golden gate;
"O, angel, say," she whispered low,
"Am I, indeed, in truth too late?"

"I had no wealth to call my own,
Of no great labors can I tell,
For I was reared in ignorance—
A great one tempted, and I fell.

"And when I woke to know my sin,
And from my errors I would fly,
Alas! there was no place for me—
The world—the church—all passed me by.

"With looks of cold and cruel scorn,
Christ's people drove me from His door,
Tho' He to such as I once said,
'Go thou in peace and sin no more.'

"I did repent with bitter tears,
Altho' on earth it was too late!
I died upon a pauper's bed
And came thence to this pearly gate."

Revelation.

My heart was hunger-faint for just one word;
Weak was my struggling soul with hope deferred;
I've hung o'er dying beds and wildly plead—
To have one message borne to the dead,
But in the dying eyes no word I read.

Sometimes when o'er my darkened path there strayed
One of Earth's purer spirits, I have made
An agonized appeal to know if purer eyes
More clearly than mine own might upward rise
And penetrate the secret of the skies.

To-day a cry triumphant rent the air,
As low I knelt before a bedside where,
Scarce of this world a part, a woman lay,
Just on the verge, with look so far away
I, too, could catch the gleam of dawning day.

"Thou who art bound for happier realms," I cried,
"Thou who by pain hast been so purified,
Canst thou not see the form of him I love?
Does he not cry for me in heaven above,
Just as I long for him, my love, my love?"

A strange, ecstatic smile o'erspread her face;
A thro' a thrill, a presence filled the place,
And then, O victory! O holy hour!
I heard, I felt, I saw with some weird power,
The golden portals swung apart, and there

Amid green fields and gladdening sunny air,
My loved one stood and spoke; his patient eyes
Gazed wistfully in mine; his words were wise
That fell upon my ear; and then as dies
The day, the light grew dim. Beside a bed

I knelt, from whence all life had fled,
I had not seen her go; I only heard
The music low of my beloved's word.
The hunger of my heart no longer goads,
No longer I rebel against God's hidden laws.

Triumph is mine! I triumph beyond all speech—
To bridge the endless years till I shall reach
That other land. The truth for aye is mine:
What though the very Furies now combine—
The strength of victory divine is mine.

—EMILIE TRACY Y. SWETT, in S. F. Bulletin.

An Old Man's Dream.

Ab, child, I watch you with the firelight's gleam
Lighting the beauties of your golden hair,
Nestling within the glories of your eyes,
And kissing tenderly your cheek so fair.

Your bright young life is stretching on before,
Whilst all my youth is in the far away;
I dream but of the time to come no more,
Whilst you have hardly ventur'd into day!

And yet I love you with a love as pure
As ever found its birth in human breast;
I love you with a love that will endure,
And hold you ever as its first and best.

How I have watched, as one would do a flow'r,
Your many charms, my darling, soft unfold,
Longing to shelter you thro' storm and shower—
But you are young, my dear, and I am old!

It would not do to place your slender hand
Within mine own, save for a little space;
It would not do for you and me to stand
Before the altar in God's sacred place.

Another one will come and woo, and win—
A lover, with a youth as bright as mine—
And I will keep my anxious thoughts within,
And pray that you may taste love's joy divine.

May and December are not made to wed,
Spring's sun and Winter's snow can never meet,
God bless them I there is no more to be said—
And keep them fair and pure for him, my sweet!

Dream in the firelight, I am watching near,
Weave all your tender fancies o'er again;
May all life's happiness be yours, my dear,
—All the Year Round.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Reminiscence.

BY JOHN WETTERBERG.

"Well, John, I have met old Lyndsey,
and he is more popular on this side than
he was on the other," said the spirit of my
father to me through a trance medium,
and with some further words in the same
connection. It was to me a good test
that the spirit was my father, and the cir-
cumstances equally so of "old Lyndsey."

The few words the spirit said of the lat-
ter was enough for me to identify the man,
though it might not have been to one un-
familiar with the incident to which I pro-
pose to refer,—an incident that will be
generally interesting in itself, and will
prove also the old remark to be true,
which some one, either spirit or mortal,
once said: "It may happen that some
least spoken of on earth are best known in
heaven."

The above happened many years ago,
for my father passed on before 1870. He
was not a successful man, in a worldly
sense, and the last decade of his life he
occupied a small office in an upper story
of a store on South street, in New York.
One of the successful merchants in that
neighborhood was a man generally re-
ferred to as "old Lyndsey." He was not
considered remarkably rich, but
rather a thrifty man, partially from mean-
ness, and more from industry and economy.
He had a small store, and occupied it for
twenty years. He did not seem to have
many friends, and peddlers and beggars
seemed to slight him. His garments were
a little old. He made them last a good
while, and but for the circumstance to
which I refer, the remark of the spirit
would have surprised me, as it would gen-
erally to the money-loving, and more or
less thrifty merchants who did business in
that neighborhood.

My father was an old man of 75, and
was at home sick; had been confined to
his room and bed for two or three months.
It was my privilege and my pleasure to
supply his wants, and make up his defi-
ciencies. Whatever he needed I found
him, and so was an expense to me of a
hundred or two of dollars a year more or
less, for the last 15 years of his life. He
never lived with me or at home since I
was seven years old.

When the old gentleman was sick, and
continued so, I wrote to the lady he
boarded with to do everything for him,
see to his comfort and his wants, and I
would pay the bills, but it was not con-
venient for me to come on then unless it
should be absolutely necessary.

In the course of time I did go to New
York to see him, and he had got better,
was sitting up, but still confined to his
room. I expected the landlady would
have a large bill for me to pay, and I was
prepared to pay it; and I was surprised to
hear father say there was nothing due, and
not only that, his pocket-book was full of
bank notes, when he related the following
incident:

"One day when I was sick on my bed,"
said father, "my attendant said there
was an old gentleman downstairs who
wants to see you. I did not know who it
was, and too weak to see anybody, still I
said, 'Ask him up,' and to my surprise, in
walked 'old Lyndsey.' Now, as you
know, I had no real acquaintance with that
old chap, never liked him, nobody did, at
least I only had a nodding acquaintance,
and was never in his store in my life,
though I had passed it two or three times
a day for a dozen or more of years.

"Old Lyndsey said to me he had
missed me, and heard I was sick, and sick
so long, that he felt as though he ought to
look in and see if anything was wanted.
He seemed to know I was a struggling
man, without credit or means, and ex-
pressed a good deal of feeling for me in
my situation and apparent necessities, and
the coming to see me seemed good in him,
and I felt bad that I had not been more
neighborly, and though I never expected
a call from him, or any aid, even in the
way of sympathy, but I felt ashamed, for
he had done to me in calling what I would
not have thought of doing to him. When
leaving, he spoke kindly, but awkwardly,
hoped to see me round again, and shaking
hands with me, left in my hand a bank
note, and hurriedly departed; and I felt
the better for his visit, and the fact raised
him in my estimation, and the fact he had
opened his heart to give me a \$5 or a \$10
bill, saying, 'It may be useful to you,'
astonished me, as it would people gen-
erally.

"After he had gone I called the attend-
ant and asked him to get the bill changed,
and the man took it, and looking at it,
hesitatingly said, 'Where shall I go?' 'O,
anywhere,' said I. He said everybody
could not break a \$500 bill. Well, I
was surprised, and took my spectacles and
looked at it, and there was no mistake; it
was a \$500 bill."

One can not judge by externals. Old
Lyndsey was considered a mean and mis-
erly old man, yet internally he was pure
gold, and it seems the angels knew it, so
when he went over he was popular. There
may have been others, and probably are
others, who may be least spoken of on
earth that will prove to be best known in
heaven.

Sometimes I think such acts are spirit
influences. They can not work every one
especially in this money-loving age, but
blessed are those they can work, for their
end is peace.

The aim of every Spiritualist should be
to give as much light on the facts and

philosophy of Spiritualism as possible. If
it is to be regarded as a science, prove it
to the world by its phenomena. If as a
philosophy, by its higher truths; and if as
a religion, by the good works of its ad-
herents.—The Better Way.

People who constantly find fault with
others in the present will crave sympathy or
approval in the future. But they will reap
what they sow. The same influences that
were once given out will return as the
response to their cravings for sympathy or
charity, and they will want to know why
the world is so uncharitable. It pays in
the end to be charitable, even if unde-
served.—The Better Way.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Is Maternity a Failure?

To my thinking, take it as a whole, it
is a failure, and will never be anything
else until reformation begins at the begin-
ning. I hold that no married woman
ought to have a child except by her own
wish. A woman should prepare herself
for such an event in body, mind and soul.
Should also consider whether she is pre-
pared to give a considerable part of her
life for at least fifteen years, to the train-
ing of the little immortal in body, mind
and soul. Girls should not marry in blind
ignorance, falsely called modesty. Mar-
riage should be understood before its
duties and responsibilities are entered
upon. Children have a right to be born
with pure and healthy bodies and souls.
My soul has burned within me, as I have
seen the bright, happy girls become weary
mothers, a baby every year, ill health, and
puny, ailing children, while relations and
friends say, "Well, I suppose she must
have her number."

Who can blame poor women for drink-
ing themselves and drugging their helpless
babies? Is a married woman to have all
the rights then, and be as selfish as she
pleases? By no means. "Let the hus-
band render unto the wife due benevo-
lence, and likewise the wife unto the hus-
band. Love is fulfilling of the law," of
all laws I think.

The subject is a difficult one on which
to write, and modesty has stopped the ex-
pression of my thoughts for years. Some
one of greater ability and wider experi-
ence, might well take up the subject.
What might not this world become if
children were born under proper condi-
tions?

Small need for asylums, penitentiaries,
orphanages, ragged schools, hospitals,
prisons, and all the vast array of means
with which we try to stem the torrent of
ignorance, vice, sickness and poverty.
Arrest it at its source! Stop the produc-
tion of such specimens of the race as can
only prove in this life, at least, a source of
anxiety.

Seeing the lives and habits of the mul-
titude of parents in this great city, as well
as in other cities, the abuse and neglect
of their parental duties, the behavior of
the young who swarm the streets, the pros-
pect for the next generation is appalling.
One almost wishes for Noah's Flood!

Women are bad enough surely, (but I
forget, there are no women here, they are
all ladies. Would that it were true?)
Still, I cannot but think the present state
of society is mainly owing to the arrogance
and selfishness of men. This kind of re-
form can only be worked by individuals.

I have an excellent husband and worthy
sons and daughters, and sign myself,
A HAPPY MOTHER OF EIGHT.
San Francisco, April 8, 1889.

"Theosophical Ueberglauhe."

Editor of the GOLDEN GATE:

While not wishing to trespass unduly
on your valuable space, permit me just a
word in re an article entitled "Theosophical
Ueberglauhe," published in your issue
of May 18th, and signed Arthur Lionel
Stagge, A. B., M. A. I do not wish to
appear hypercritical, but I think a gentle-
man having two university degrees, and
certainly displaying much literary ability
and some research in his article, need not
misrepresent Theosophists by making it
appear that they regard Madame Blavatsky
as an infallible heroine in direct and per-
fect communion with the Mahatmas of the
East. The learned lady so scornfully
referred to is far more modest in her per-
sonal claims than most people suppose;
she arrogates very little to herself despite
all her traducers may claim to the con-
trary, and I would beg the attention of
Mr. Stagge and others who take the
ground he occupies, to study further into
the law governing thought transference
and kindred phenomena before putting
forth sneering comments concerning "in-
cipient Mahatmas."

On the vexed question of the Himalayan
Brotherhood, I think I may safely say that
most of Theosophists, if not all, simply
acknowledge the existence of some par-
ticularly wise men in Asia with whom
mental communion becomes possible to
the extent of our having developed to a
point where we can realize and appreciate
their instruction. The song of a bird, the
scent of a flower, or a form of beauty can-
not endow a beholder or listener with
power to adequately hear, smell, or see;
thus, however true it may be that there
are pundits in the East possessing knowl-
edge beside which that of the West is in-
significant indeed, it must be for us to
cultivate ourselves to receive the message
or we shall never rightly apprehend.
Hoping others will pursue this subject
further, I remain yours sincerely,

W. J. COLVILLE, F. T. S.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Mary E. Thayer was a native of Ports-
mouth New Hampshire, but passed much of her
life in Boston, Massachusetts. She left there
about seventeen years ago, coming to San Fran-
cisco for her health. The sea voyage and balmy
air of California restored her to a greater degree
of health than even the most sanguine of her
friends dared hope, and she was able to resume
her life duties once more. All who knew her in-
timately realized her many good traits of charac-
ter, and her genial disposition made her a favorite
in whatever society she moved.

She was an active worker in the spiritualistic
ranks, was well known to most of the pioneers in
and around Boston. She was the staunch friend
of all true mediums. She served as librarian to
the Lyceum and Spiritual Union for many years,
and later for the Golden Gate Society. She was
always found busy in every kind and charitable
work connected with the society and lyceum. In
August 1887, she removed with us to Pine City,
Mariposa County, where she remained until her
passing to the Summer Land. For many years
she has been very delicate, but bearing patiently
the racking cough and the oftentimes overpower-
ing weakness of the body. The spirit was so
strong within her, the will power so great, that
when at last both gave way to the weakness of
the body, she faded very quickly. No murmur
escaped her lips other than "I am so tired!" She
fully realized her condition, and was willing to go
or to stay, as the higher powers dictated. Al-
most her last words were, "The boatman is
coming, I'll soon be gone."

The death angels came so sweetly, softly and
peacefully that her spirit passed into the sweet
beyond with hardly a sigh. When the sun was
sinking behind the grand old mountains we
looked only on the frail tenement of our friend
and companion for so many years—the spirit that
had inhabited it was free. Her many kind deeds
had endeared her to every person with whom she
had come in contact during her stay in Pine City.
She held the position of Postmistress most accept-
ably to all; also acted as physician and surgeon
to all who needed such service. She was a
woman of rare conversational abilities, a great
reader of books and of character, possessing a fine
memory and excellent clairvoyant powers; she
was indeed a desirable friend and companion in
the loneliness of mountain life.

She has passed the portal, solved the problem;
she knows now the faith she held so firmly is
true. We know she lives, she has sent back
word to our sorrowing hearts through the lips of
God's instruments, the mediums. She will come
to us, and by and by the gates will swing open
for us, and we shall meet her among other loved
ones, "Where the surges cease to roll."

From her friend,
MRS. M. A. W. MAYO.

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the United States. Now look at us.—
Louisville Courier-Journal.

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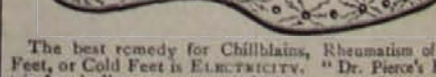
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